C-221-5-6

Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 2:0203

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 24. MONTREAL, JUNE 13, 1902. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

The Bedouin.

(By Mr. G. Nyland, Ramallah, in 'C. M. S. Gleaner.')

The Bedouin are the descendants of Ishmael, the true Arabs from Arabia. Their religion is Islam or Mohammedanism, but they are very ignorant, the arts of reading and writing being unknown by but few of them. There are dervishes among them who teach them the Mohammedan system of belief; but they have no further opportunity

A NARAK SHEIKH.

of further education, and do not care about it. The men are very lax about observing the five appointed hours of prayer, while the women hardly ever pray.

They observe some of the Mohammedan festivals, specially the sacrifice at the time of the pilgrimage to Mecca. A black goat without blemish is selected. Its long silky hair is carefully combed out; its eyes are anointed with 'kohl,'* like the eyes of brides. The owner then steps over it three times, after which it is slaughtered. The offerer does not eat any of the flesh, but gives it to the poor, believing that through this sacrifice he receives pardon for his sins.

They practise circumcision and believe in the coming of a false prophet, whom they call Dejjal. They hold strongly the doctrine of 'el Kaddar,' or the 'divine decree,' which teaches that everything that a man does is fore-ordained by God, practically making men mere automata, and therefore not responsible for their evil deeds.

HOSPITALITY AND HIGHWAY ROBBERY

As among other races, there are generous and niggardly Bedouin. As a race, however, they are decidedly hospitable. If visitors come to their camp they give them a hearty welcome, and kill a goat, sheep, or young camel (according to the visitors' rank and numbers), and quickly prepare a meal for them, at the same time giving their horses fodder.

Visitors have the right to stay three days and a half as guests, and often do so if they can spare the time. Even enemies, if they come as guests, are entertained hospitably.

If the visitors are strangers, the nobler tribes will send some horsemen with them to see them safely into the territory of the next tribe, but in other cases the moment the guests reach another district, their late guard turns on them and plunders them. The rapacity of the Bedouin is notorious, but if no resistance is made they will, after taking what they want, let their victims go unhurt. Should any resistance be offered, they think no more of killing a man than a sheep. A Bedowy who never brings home any plunder is not considered a respectable man, and I have often heard that a young man who does not go out to rob is not allowed to marry. No man's goods or cattle are secure. If a Bedowy is caught stealing he must be punished and restore four-fold. If one has killed another and is caught, he must pay a fine, in kind if he has no money; if he has neither goods nor cattle he goes off to try and steal the wherewithal to pay his fine. To steal and plunder is no sin, but it is a sin to be found out.

There are many tribes among the Bedouin, such as the Harabin, Shaâlan, Anezeh, and Beni Sakhr. Some of these tribes are but small in numbers. The first of those above mentioned is the largest and put at least 20,000 horsemen in the field, and the second about 15,000.

The Bedouin, as has been said, are pure Arabs, but they have slaves among them who are often fugitives from their masters. Though occupying an inferior position, these slaves are often allowed to marry the daughters of the Bedouin. The slaves are very black, whereas the Bedouin are only blown.

THEIR DRESS.

The Bedouin are very simple in their dress. The women have usually a gown of blue cotton, for which they take thirty or forty yards of material. Those who are well off have two dresses and a garment of blue or green cloth over all. The poorer ones have only one dress. The women do not plait their hair, but leave it just as it is. They adorn themselves with rings and bracelets of copper and silver, but the sheikhs' wives usually have ornaments of gold. The dress of the boys, like that of the women, is made of blue cotton, but the men always wear white.

The men have scanty pointed beards. They never shave their heads as the fellahin and townspeople do, but plait their hair.

The Bedouin have large herds of cattle, as their forefather Abraham had. Consequently they place their camps where there is pasture as well as water to be had for their flocks. The tents are pitched in a circle, and guarded at night by two or three men and the dogs. The latter are very quick to detect a stranger.

Their camps are invariably in the neighborhood of water, but never close to it, as they have a superstition that there are always evil spirits about a large body of water. They are afraid also of their children falling in, and consider it unhealthy to be too near.

If there is plenty of grass in the spring they make much butter. The fresh milk is curdled by means of some plant which is put in it, and after standing for a while it is put into a goat skin, dressed with the hairy side inward. The skin full of milk is hung up and shaken about by a woman for half or three-quarters of an hour till the butter comes. As the butter will not keep long, most of it is boiled down in a large kettle and is used for cooking. In this state it will keep indefinitely.

Those tribes which use bread make it into thin flat cakes, unleavened, which they bake on a round iron plate. Where no wood is to be had as fuel, dried camels' dung is used, as this gives a clear, hot fire. A different sort of bread, thicker and smaller, is sometimes made on such a fire. This kind it was which Sarah made at Abraham's bidding for the three celestial visitants (Gen. xviii. 6).

A FELLAH PLOUGHING.

The Bedouin are very fond of coffee, and understand how to make it better than any one else. They drink it pure, without milk or sugar, and very strong. Both men and women are also great smokers. They never touch any alcoholic liquors.

JOINT-STOCK AGRICULTURE.

Some of the tribes who do not live in the remoter deserts, especially those in the Jordan valley, cultivate land. However, they

*A black paint used as a cosmetic

consider themselves above following the plough, so they employ fellahin (peasants) from the adjacent districts to do this for them as soon as the rains begin. The Bedouin provide the oxen and seed. After sowing the corn the fellahin return home, coming back for the harvest when the corn is ripe. When all is finished the Bedouin receive two-thirds and the fellahin one-third of the produce.

Their chief crops are wheat, barley millet, and lentils, for themselves and their horses and donkeys, and vetches for their camels and cattle.

The tribes which are purely pastoral buy corn, exchanging it for cattle, wool, and fat. In the Arabian deserts there are others again who live only on the milk of camels, of which they have large herds. These camels thrive on the scanty herbage of the desert; and their milk, with a few dates or the seeds of wild plants, constitutes the food of their owners. Even their horses are said to have camels' milk given them night and morning.

THEIR HORSES AND ARMS.

They rear many horses, of which they are very fond. In bad and dear times a Bedowy would often rather starve with all his family than sell his horse. When, as is sometimes done, they do part with a high-bred mare, they never sell her outright, but only a share in her, in which case the different owners have the foals in proportion to their respective shares.

It is very interesting to see them riding, with their spears—twelve or fifteen feet long—especially when they are showing off. Horse and man then seem as if they were one. The Bedouin can load a gun, aim, and fire at full gallop. They are very skilful in using their spears. When one is thrown they do not dismount to pick it up, but the horses are trained to kneel for an instant for this purpose, and both steeds and riders are very agile. They are also armed with swords, daggers, and pistols, while a few have rifles.

THEIR OCCUPATIONS AND AMUSEMENTS.

The men tend and milk the cattle, but the women make the butter and cheese; they also spin and weave, while the men spend much time in polishing their weapons. They are very fond of talking over their fights and raids. They amuse themselves with music and song. Their principal musical instrument is the rabara, a kind of fiddle, but with only one string. Its construction is very simple; a wooden framework a foot square covered with goat skin, and a curved stick to which the string is secured; a rude bow is made of a stick and horse-hair. On this rude fiddle they accompany themselves as they sing. They have also a double pipe called nai, made of reeds.

CURIOUS BIRTH CUSTOMS.

Among the Bedouin, as with the fellahin, there is rejoicing at the birth of a son, but sorrow at that of a daughter. When a man has a son born they tie the father to a pole of his tent till someone goes bail for him that he will do his duty—that is, that he will immediately kill a sheep and make a feast, that all may rejoice together. The child is swaddled and left thus forty days, when it is washed. Then the parents receive various presents from their friends, a little money, clothes for the child, and so on. They then name the child. Many are called after animals, as tiger, lion, wolf, in the hope that they will be great warriors when they grow up. Boys are not weaned before the third year.

ROUGH REMEDIES FOR SICKNESS.

They are usually healthy, though they never wash, and are not particular about their food. This is attributable doubtless to the open-air life they lead. The chief diseases they suffer from are dysentery, cramp, headache, fever, gout, rheumatism, measles, and small-pox. Recently they have adopted vaccination for small-pox. If any one has fever they take a large-headed nail, heat it red hot, and burn the patient in the middle of the forehead. For dysentery they use gunpowder, and for other complaints decoctions of various herbs known to them. They dread small-pox greatly. Should any one be attacked, by it, he is put under a tree or some other shade, with bread and water, and left there. The encampment is broken up and moved to another place. The sick person is left entirely; if he recovers he rejoins his people, but if he dies the wild beasts devour the body.

TWO HUNGRY SHEIKHS.

In an emergency both men and horses will go for three or four days with hardly any food or water. Every Bedowy carries with him some flour and salt; the flour for food for himself and horse and the salt to alloy their thirst. They can also eat enormous quantities at one meal.

I was once at Taybeh, one of our outstations, when four Bedouin came to the village. They had with them one of a number of young camels which they had stolen, and were selling to the villagers, who are fond of camel's flesh. This camel was killed, and the people proceeded to prepare a meal for the four Bedouins, two of whom were sheikhs, the other two being slaves.

The chief of the village about sunset brought in the food in a huge wooden down—a mountain of rice and bread, with the meat on the top—enough for a large number of people. The four Bedouin, the chief of the village, and another peasant were the only persons who partook of it. The two latter ate a moderate quantity and retired, the Bedouin demolishing all the rest of the enormous amount of food. They had asked me to join them, but as some other food was being prepared for me I declined.

About half an hour later my supper appeared—a pile of rice nearly as large as the previous one, some small dishes of meat, and ten loaves of bread. To this another man and myself sat down.

Soon after we had begun, the chief of the village said, 'Why do you not invite our guests, Mr. Nyland?'

This is the proper thing to do, but as they had only just finished a hearty meal I had thought it superfluous. So I apologized for my neglect, and invited them to share our supper.

The two sheikhs immediately joined us and ate like hungry men, ending by consuming nearly the whole of the rice, bread and meat, giving what was left to the slaves, and I am not sure that even then they were satisfied. They seemed none the worse for the amount they had eaten, but were very lively and chatty all the evening.

CAN THEY BE REACHED?

Such, then, are the Bedouin. It is very difficult to say what spiritual work can be done amongst them. I have often stayed in their tents and been most kindly received. On first making their acquaintance one would suppose that they would readily receive the Gospel, but it is part of their idea of what is due to a guest not to oppose or contradict what he says. Could any one live among them, he could teach their children.

Besides the difficulties arising from their nomadic life and their distrust of strangers, the Bedouin in the nearer districts are under the control of the Turkish Government, which does not allow missionary work among them. It is only in the Great Desert that they are still really independent. It is impossible for Europeans to have many dealings with them, and our native helpers are unwilling to do so, as they say they are not up to their tricks.

A Chinese Evangelist's Dream.

Mr. B. E. Newcombe, missionary in China, relates the following of a native preacher: 'There was a time when he was seeking a great blessing day and night—pleading the promise and waiting for the answer. His faith was sorely tried. He could not understand why the blessing tarried, and was almost tempted to think, "The quest is not for me." Then one night as he slept he dreamed, and lo! he saw a king seated on his throne, and all the nobles and great ones of the kingdom standing around, and to each and all the monarch gave most beautiful and costly gifts, but to the one whom he loved best—to the one who was nearest to him—he gave but a little folded slip of paper. And when he had received it his countenance fell, and he looked very sad. There was nothing beautiful to look at, and inside it contained but one solitary character pronounced "king" (meaning "willing"). He could not read its meaning, his eyes could see nothing precious or rare in the gift, and sadly he concluded, "The king loves me no more; he has transferred all his love to others." The king noticed the sad looks of his favorite, and calling him to his side (for when he began to doubt the king's love, he had moved to a little distance away), he asked him, "Why are you sad? What is it that troubles you?" And he told the king all. He said, "O king, it is because I fear that you now love me no more. You give royal gifts to all around, and to me a valueless bit of paper." And the king smiled on the man he loved best as he answered, "That bit of paper is the most royal gift of all. To the others I gave precious gifts,—something of gold, something of precious jewels, something of beautiful raiment,—but to you, because I love you best, I give everything,—all I have,—for with that precious talisman in your hand you have but to say what you want and I am willing. As long as you and I live there is no other word between us." And a great joy lit up the man's face as he listened to the king's words. He was satisfied. And with that in the dream the whole scene began to change. The dreamer no longer saw the king and his court, but ere he was conscious of the change he became aware of another Presence, and knew that before him stood the King of kings; and as he bowed at his feet, he heard his voice saying to him the one word "king,"—"willing,"—and he knew that his prayer was answered, and he knew that henceforth he might ask whatsoever he willed and it would be done unto him, and a great joy filled his heart. He was satisfied.'—'Christian Herald.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

BOYS AND GIRLS

hen Evening Shadows Fall

/ the Author of 'Last Year's Wind,' in 'Sunday Companion.')

It was Saturday afternoon, and as John Ferriss sat waiting his turn to pass into the inner office to receive his modest weekly salary his thoughts were far away.

He was again in the pretty village where he had passed his boyhood, and once again he heard voices which had long been silent He could almost smell the fragrance of the pinewood as he walked up the long, winding road which led to the summit of the hill. He thought of the rabbits, sporting fearlessly amid the tall bracken, and he fancied he heard the music of the wind amid the tops of the tall trees.

From the side of the hill could be seen the quaint, ivy-clad church, nestling amid the trees in the valley, and the sound of bells floated on the air across the silvery stream, which wound in and out between the green banks like some beautiful serpent.

John's thoughts went back to the day when he had walked away from that church with his newly-made wife, and fancied himself the happiest man in all creation. Well, they had been happy, and the love which had been born in that green valley had never faded nor faltered through the stress and burden of life.

The manager glanced up as the old clerk entered, and there was a look of pity upon his face.

'Well, Ferriss, I am sorry to say we shall not require you any more,' he said gently, as he handed John a little packet. 'You will find a month's money instead of notice. A fortnight's notice would have been sufficient, of course, but we are sorry to lose you, and have no wish to be hard.'

John thought he had not heard aright.

'You will not need me any more?' he repeated.

'No. We are making many changes, as you know, since ill-health has compelled Mr. Lenton to retire, and we shall only be able to keep the younger men. You are not so young as you were, Ferriss; you will get an easier post.'

'I—I have tried to do my duty, sir.'

The old man's voice faltered, and the hand which held the packet containing his money shook visibly.

'Oh, yes, certainly. We have no complaint whatever; but the fact is we want young blood in the concern. Ours is to be a go-ahead policy in future—it must be!—and there will be no room for you. I am sorry, Ferriss; but, really, it is time you took things a little more quietly. You've been here a long time, and you've had your innings.'

The old man turned away without another word. He could not have spoken. He stumbled blindly as he left the office. He had had his innings. What had he won?

Thirty long years he had given the best of his powers to work in that gloomy office. He had done his duty. He had been a model of exactitude and punctuality. Every morning on the first stroke of the clock he had hung his hat up on the peg from whence he took it now mechanically.

He would never hang his hat up there again—never again! He glanced up at the peg as though it had been an old friend. He even put up his trembling, wrinkled fingers and stroked it.

He glanced at the young faces of the junior clerks as he passed out. They would have been surprised had they known that, in the midst of his own sorrow, a great wave of pity surged up in his heart for them.

'They will work on for thirty years, and then—then they will have had their innings!' he muttered.

The streets were thronged with men of all ages, many of them clerks like himself, and they were hurrying home, eager for the brief spell of rest which the week-end brought.

John Ferriss walked homeward slowly. He had never realized before how old and weary he had grown. The manager was right; he was getting an old man—an old man; he had had his innings.

In one of the two tiny rooms which they called home John's wife was lying upon the shabby old couch. She was old and wan and feeble. She had never been very strong, and theirs had been a hard life—a constant struggle to keep the wolf from the door.

'WE'LL HAVE OUR READING TOGETHER, DEAR,' HE SAID. 'I'M TIRED, AND I WON'T LEAVE YOU.' SO WITH HUSKY VOICE JOHN READ WORDS FROM THE BOOK THEY LOVED.

Her thoughts had gone back to other days, as John's own thoughts had done; and as she lay there listening for the sound of her husband's footfall the memory of other days was strongly with her.

How foolishly happy, how full of hope they had been, that day when John had taken her to the tiny house which he made so pretty for his bride! They had been happy, in spite of their poverty, and in spite of the grief which had wrung their hearts when their little ones had been taken away. There were three little graves in a distant cemetery, but it was of three angel faces the mother thought—faces that would welcome her at the journey's end.

One daughter had lived to grow up, but ten years ago she had come home from her situation—come home to die—and then there had been only John and his wife left.

Then Margaret herself had become a helpless invalid, and all their scanty savings had been swallowed up in the expenses which followed. How was it possible for them to save, when John's salary was so small and there was medicine to pay for?

John had never complained. He had worked on bravely, and Meg's eyes filled with tears as she thought what a hard struggle her husband had had, and how brave and patient he had been.

She wiped away her tears, and put on her smile with which she always greeted her husband as she heard his step upon the stair.

He came in slowly, and her quick eyes noted his pallor and weariness.

'Poor old man!' she murmured lovingly, as he bent to kiss her, 'you are tired and hot.'

'Yes,' he said; 'it is hot, Meg, and I really think I am tired. It is as you say I am getting old—getting old.'

She looked at him anxiously.

'It is the weather, dear,' she said, softly. 'You must rest now.'

John stifled a groan as he remembered how easy it would be to rest, since he had no work to go to; but he would not tell her, he would not make her more unhappy by

telling her that only a few pounds remained between them and starvation— or the workhouse.

He prepared the tea, as he usually did on a Saturday, and drew the table up close to his wife's couch, that they might have it together.

'It is good to have you at home, John,' Meg said, as she watched him clearing the things away afterwards. He paused in his work, and kissed her brow. She put her hand up and stroked his face.

'We have lost a good deal, John,' she said softly, 'but we have each other.'

'Ay, Meg, we have each other,' he answered, and his voice was a little husky.

Meg did not speak for a little time after that. She closed her eyes, but she was thinking, wondering if he guessed that soon, very soon, she thought, there would only be the lonely old man moving about the familiar room. He would miss her—ah, how he would miss her!—and her heart ached for him.

'If it were not for leaving John, I would be glad to go,' she murmured, and a tear rolled slowly down her pale, thin cheek.

On the morrow, when the bells were ringing for service, John Ferriss sat beside the couch, with his wife's frail hand in his.

He had seen the doctor, and he knew now that in a short time—a week or two at the longest—he must bid farewell to the wife whom he had loved so long and so truly.

'Won't you go to church, John?' she asked. 'I shall not want anything.'

'We'll have our reading together, dear,' he said. 'I'm tired, and I won't leave you.'

So with husky voice John read words from the Book they loved—words which had comforted them often in their sorrows, and which were as fresh and real to them on that peaceful Sabbath, in the evening of their life, as they had been in the heyday of their hopes and happiness.

'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying.'

John's voice faltered, and his spectacles grew dim, so that he could not see.

'It is wonderful,' Meg whispered. 'Think what it will be never to dread the parting; to know that there is no death; that there will be nothing to cry for—nothing to weary for.'

The sweet Sabbath hours, with their peace and rest, came to an end, and through the long hours of night John lay awake, wondering how best he should keep the news of his dismissal from his wife.

'I—I think I'll ask for a holiday, Meg,' he said on the Monday morning. 'What do you say, old girl, if I ask for a holiday?'

He spoke lightly, and there was a smile on his face, but his wife was not to be deceived.

'What is it, John?' she asked. 'You have never dared to ask for a holiday before—never, except when——'

He knew the time she would have referred to. The only times he had ventured to ask for leave of absence had been when the angel of death had paused at their door and borne one of their treasures away.

Something in his face told her the truth, though he would fain have kept it from her.

'You have been turned off, John!' she cried. 'Oh, my dear—my dear!'

'There, there! I did not mean to tell you, Meg; but you have such sharp eyes, and you can read me so well, it's no use trying to deceive you.'

'We've borne everything together so far, John,' she faltered; and oh! my darling, you'll soon have to bear without me; but I'm here yet, John—I can help you a bit yet.'

She flung her wasted arms around him, and drew his grey head down upon her bosom.

'My brave, patient old man!' she cried. 'You were going to bear this without me.'

'You've had so much to bear, Meg; but never fear, I'll find work, and they've given me a month's money.'

'A month's money after thirty years!' she cried. 'Oh, John!'

'The manager was sorry; but they want younger men, and he said that I'd had my innings. He was right, dear; the young ones must step into our shoes, and have their innings, too.'

She smiled up at him with her old brave smile as she said softly:

'Well, God knows best; they will have their innings. But maybe we are the best off, since we're nearer the rest—the "rest that remaineth," John, when all else is gone—there is that.'

'Ay, lass!' he said; but his voice shook as the morning sunshine streamed across her face, and he saw how thin and transparent it had become.

'I'll not need to leave her long,' he said to himself, as leaving her with closed eyes, apparently asleep, he stole out to the office of an employment bureau in the district. He would make inquiries there, and maybe hear of something he could do.

The man whom he saw shook his head.

'It's not easy to find employment for any but the youngest and most energetic,' he said pityingly. 'You see, it pays to have smart young fellows who want small wages, and will work at high pressure. Old men, or even middle-aged men, have little chance in these days.'

'Experience should stand for something,' said John, his voice trembling with eagerness.

'Ay, it should, but it don't. Been in your last situation long?'

'Over thirty years,' replied the old man, with a sense of pride.

'Humph! More shame to 'em for turning you off now! They might have pensioned you if you were past work.'

'I am not past work! I can work with any of the younger ones now!' Ferriss cried, holding out his long, trembling hands. 'I can work; but they said—the manager said—that I'd had my innings.'

'Well, well, don't lose heart. We'll do what we can, and something may turn up. Call round in a day or so, and if anything turns up suddenly I'll let you know.'

John went back to his wife and told her what he had done. She looked up into his face wistfully, and, though she said nothing, he knew that she was wishing that rest might come to them together.

The days passed on, but no message came for John from the employment office. He had scarcely thought about it, for he seemed to see the cold shadow creeping closer and closer to his beloved wife.

Sunday came round again. Once more the bells were ringing for service, and John was sitting beside his wife.

'John,' she whispered suddenly—'John.'

'What is it, Meg,' he asked, bending lovingly down, that he might catch the faintest sound from the lips which would so soon be silent for ever.

'I have to—go—first,' she faltered. 'God sees that it is best—and—he knows.'

'Oh, Meg—my Meg!' he cried, holding her in his arms, as though his feeble grasp could prevent her slipping, slipping away from him.

A faint smile crossed her face, and she put up her hand and smoothed his thin grey locks.

'Your Meg, John—always your Meg, dear. And John, listen, you must not fret. I shan't be far away, only just out of sight.'

'I shall be alone, Meg.'

'Not alone, dear; God will comfort you, and we shall not be apart long, dear. Think what it wil be to see our dear ones again, John. They went home in the morning, but we—you and I—have borne the burden and heat of the day, but rest comes at evening.'

'If we could go together!' he sobbed.

A little sigh escaped her.

'I would have liked that,' she said, 'but God knows best. You've been so brave and strong all the time, John, you've helped me and comforted me when your own heart was almost breaking, and now you'll bear bravely just a little longer. I've been thinking of the words you read last night, John, about those who feared the Lord and spake often to one another, and about the book of remembrance. We've talked of him together, and his promises will not fail. God's promises cannot fail.'

'No, dear, they cannot fail.'

'And there's that other, John: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."'

'No more pain.' As John heard those words he realized the blessedness of the release which was so soon to be hers.

'No more pain, Meg,' he repeated.

'Nor sorrow,' she added. 'And if you were long in coming, John, I should have sorrow; but God knows all about that.'

Her voice grew fainter, and she only spoke at intervals; but her thin arms were clasped around his neck as he laid his head on the pillow beside her, and so she fell asleep.

When she awoke she did not see the shabby room, nor the grief-stricken old man, but she saw—

> 'Those angel faces smile,
> Which she had loved long since and lost awhile.'

The old attic was dark and gloomy, and the chill, dark shadow of death seemed to lurk in it still, and John sat with bowed head and stricken heart. But—

> 'With silence only as their benediction,
> God's angels come
> Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
> The soul sits dumb.'

So God's own comfort came to the lonely old man, and he knew that his loved one was safe with God, free from the pain which had racked her frail body so long, with the tears wiped away from her eyes.

'I must e'en win on a bit longer,' he told himself, and the simple old clerk pulled himself together bravely.

Away in the cemetery, where the hum of the city hardy reached, but where John could wander out and sit on a Sunday afternoon, he laid to rest all that was left to him of his gentle wife.

The rain was falling steadily as he turned away from the grave, but John did not feel it pattering down on his grey head. He did not think that it was Meg he was leaving there—he thought of her as safe and happy with their loved ones. But his thoughts had gone away back through the dim, sorrow laden years to the time when, surrounded by loving friends, they had said farewell to their village home, to start life afresh in busy London. One by one the friends had

passed away, and now Meg had gone; but it was only a little while before he should go also. He had been sorry when the manager had told him that he was growing an old man; but now he was glad, so glad that he turned a smiling face to the lodgekeeper, who asked him if he had not better put on his hat again, since it was raining so fast.

'Thank you,' murmured John absently. 'I did not perceive the rain.'

'Poor old chap!' the man muttered, as he looked after him. 'He looks as though trouble had turned his brain.'

So the old clerk went back to the home which had become so desolate, to live on the memory of happier days, and the hope of rest at eventide.

"I have had my innings,' he said to himself again and again, 'and it's only right for others to have theirs; but surely there's a corner somewhere where I can wait until the message comes.'

The next day John began again his weary search for work. The latter days of Meg's illness and the funeral had seriously diminished his little stock of money, and he knew that only a few shilling remained to keep him from either starvation or the workhouse.

He cut down his expenses to the smallest possible amount, only keeping one room, and sometimes living for days together on a piece of bread and weak tea.

Mile after mile he walked on that weary quest, and he haunted the employment bureau until the official almost lost patience.

It seemed as though no one in the whole of great, busy London cared what became of this old man, who wanted a little work to get bread for a while longer.

Some spoke to him kindly, pityingly, but by far the greater number bade him roughly begone; and he learned to dread the smile of pitying amusement which crossed some faces as they beheld a feeble old man, who had had his innings undoubtedly, trying to elbow a corner for himself in the world's busy hive.

'God!' he cried in his agony one night, when he entered his room hungry and footsore—'God! why hast thou left me here, where no one wants me?'

The days seemed to grow hotter and more stifling. Just at the time of Meg's death there had been a little break in the hot weather; but it had passed, and the sun's rays beat down fiercely day after day. All who could go away from panting, suffocating London did so, and those who were obliged to remain grew weary and languid, and felt the pavement scorch their feet as they walked.

John's step faltered more day by day, and, as his landlady watched him set out on his round once more, she shook her head.

'Pore fellow!' she cried, with rough sympathy; 'he's never looked up since his old lydy died, and it's my belief he never will no more! He don't eat enough to keep a sparrow alive, I don't think he can get it; but he's paid his rent reg'lar so far,an' that's all that's my business.'

Once or twice John was able to obtain light casual work, such as carrying small parcels and going errands, and for one week his hopes ran high, for he was employed in addressing envelopes and circulars. He hoped that work would continue, but, alas! it came to an end, and once more he was adrift.

After noon one day he found himself close to a large church, the doors of which stood open, and a card inviting people to enter for rest, meditation, and prayer was hung in a prominent position. For a moment John hesitated, and then he stole quietly in. He was weary and faint, and he had a long walk before him ere he could reach the shelter of his room and the scrap of bread that remained to him from his breakfast.

The cool shade of the church was refreshing, and no one appeared to notice the tottering old man who passed so quietly to a seat, and bowed his head upon the staff he carried.

As John sat there the calm of the place, and the soft music which someone was playing, stole over his senses, and a sweet peace seemed to enter his troubled heart.

'I've been wearying and fretting and chafing,' he said softly, 'and it has all been no good. I must leave it to God; maybe it is his way of taking me home.'

The thought brought with it no fear, no sadness. To pass away to where sorrow and pain should be banished forever, and where he would see those whom he loved, would be joy indeed.

Presently the music ceased, and then he heard someone chanting a psalm—there was service going on in a side chapel. A number of people were there, and a clergyman with a kind, noble face was taking the service.

John did not venture in through the little gate which divided the chapel from the rest of the building, but stood without, half-hidden by a pillar, and leaning heavily upon his stick.

He listened attentively to every word, and joined with all his heart in that brief time of worship. It was soon over, but it had put fresh hope in John's heart, and a firm, strong sense of trust in God.

A thought came over him that he would speak to the clergyman, and ask his advice; and so the old man drew nearer as the clergyman rose from his knees and came towards the gate.

The verger set the gate wide open, and motioned the people who had gathered round to one side. As the clergyman passed, John stretched out a trembling, detaining hand, but the verger pushed him gently away. The clergyman passed on. He had not seen the old man; he had no idea that anyone required his help, and he was accustomed to have obstacles removed from his path by the verger. John leaned against the pillar, as one turned to stone. What did it mean? Did God mean that he was to seek help of none?

He crept slowly away out into the sunshine again; he must go home.

Slowly and painfully he dragged his weary feet to the attic which sheltered him, and sank upon the couch with a sigh of relief. Nearly all else had gone out of that room, but he had kept the couch upon which Meg breathed her last.

He was not unhappy. He had ceased to feel hungry, and a sweet drowsiness was creeping over him. He was so tired—so tired, and it was good to rest. To-morrow he would look for work again.

The long hot day was wearing to a close, when a carriage stopped at the door of John Ferriss's lodgings and a stout, grey-haired old gentleman alighted, followed by a young lady.

'This is it, papa,' she said, as she glanced at the number. 'I wonder if he is here still?'

'I hope so,' said the gentleman, knocking at the door sharply. 'Does Mr. Ferriss live here?' he asked, as a slatternly woman appeared.

'Yes, sir,' she answered. 'The poor old man lives by hisself in the top room. You'd best go up.'

Up the rickety stairs they climbed to the door of John's attic.

'Come in!' he cried faintly, in answer to their knock, and they passed in.

'Why, John!—John Ferriss!' cried the old gentleman. 'Don't you know your old master? They'd no business to turn you off, John. I came as soon as I knew it.'

John made an effort to rise. The light of a great joy shone upon his face as he grasped the hand held out to him.

'Thank you, sir,' he said, faintly. Then his strength gave way, and he staggered back to the couch—the smile still on his face.

'Don't mind, sir,' he said; 'it is all right. God shall wipe away all tears—all tears.'

His voice ceased, and his grey head sank back upon the hard cushion, but the smile never left his face. There was a long sigh, and John Ferriss had gone for ever from that gloomy room. He had 'had his innings,' but when the shadows of evening fell the darkest the star of hope arose!

What to Read and How.

A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard some one say, 'That boy is a great reader; does he read anything that is worth reading?'

'No,' was the reply, 'his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy, till he took to reading nonsense and nothing else.'

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said his mind would run out, and asked if he would let him have a good book to read.

'Will you read a good book if I will let you have one?'

'Yes, sir.'

'It will be hard work for you.'

'I will do it.'

'Well, come home with me and I will lend you a good book.'

He went with him and received the volume that the man selected.'

'There,' said the man, 'read that and come and tell me what you have read.'

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read simple and wise sentences, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friend about what he read, the more interested he became. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books in which he had formerly delighted. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good books than he had ever derived from reading poor ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intellingent, promising young man, and his prospects are bright for a successful career. He owes everything to the reading of good books and to the gentleman who influenced him to read them.—'Herald.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

Freddy's Suspenders.

(By Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell, in 'Temperance Banner.')

When Freddy Long was four years old, his mamma made him a present of bed-ticking suspenders. She was so poor she had nothing else to give him; but Freddy was as much pleased with his home-made present as if it cost a hundred dollars.

His mother buttoned them fast to the waist band of his little pants, crossed them across his back, brought them over his shoulders and buttoned them again in front, and then laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

Poor woman, she did not often have much cause to laugh, and when her husband came in, he wanted to know what had happened.

'Oh, nothing,' she replied; 'but Freddy looks so funny in suspenders,' and she pointed to a rosy-cheeked boy, just outside, buttoning and unbuttoning the new suspenders with a look of pomposity that was amusing on such a baby's face.

Mr. Long was so pleased with his little son in pants and suspenders that he wanted to take him walking with him.

'You will take him to the tavern?' said his wife.

'No, no. I'll take him for a walk. Come, Freddy,' and the little boy clasped his chubby hand around his father's little finger and started off with him.

Mary Long stood on the door-step and watched them out of sight. Then she went into the house, saying to herself: 'How proud Fred is of him. No wonder, for there is not a finer child in all the country around; and everybody knows it.'

But when Fred Long came home, he was staggering drunk, and came without his child, and in answer to all his wife's half-frantic queries for Freddy, he would stammer and hiccough: 'The child is all right—and don't—you forget it.'

He was soon even beyond saying that, and sunk down into a stupor from which he could not be aroused.

Then Mary Long threw an old shawl over her head and ran every step of the way to the old tavern, a half mile distant.

She was panting for breath as she rushed into the saloon, and asked for her child.

'He has been here with his father, but they left hours ago,' said the rum seller,

GATHERED THE CHILD UP IN HIS ARMS.

coming forward as she fell, faint and exhausted, on one of the hard wooden benches.

'The woman is sick. Hand me a glass of brandy,' and before Mary Long knew it, some one was pressing a glass of liquor to her white lips, but in an instant she seized the glass in her hand, and dashed it clear across the room with all her force. 'It has been the curse of my life,' she said. 'Don't dare to give it to me! My child is lost! Turn out of this lair, all of you, and scour the country for him or his innocent blood be upon your heads!' Then, with an agonized shriek that struck terror to every man's heart in the bar-room, she rushed out and up and down the road, making frantic inquiries for her child at every house.

Someone had seen the father and child ascend the mountain, and Mary Long tore up the path like a mad woman. A great many villagers joined in the search, and were out all night, but no trace of little Freddy could be found.

Mrs. Long's garments were torn almost into shreds, but she would not go home for more. She would eat no breakfast, and some strong men whispered: 'She will die if the child is not found.'

By noon the father had slept off his drunkenness and joined the searchers on the mountain. Mrs. Long fell in complete exhaustion and was carried home before night, but her husband, with a white set face, searched among every clump of bushes, behind every boulder, and it was his search that was rewarded. Freddy had been alone on the mountain for two nights and a day when his father found him asleep behind a great rock.

'Oh, Freddy, Freddy!' he gasped.

The little fellow opened his eyes, and with a sickly smile, said: 'Oh, papa, I knowed you'd come. I stayed right here where you told me, but I'se so hungry.'

Fred Long gathered the child up in his arms, and with long strides carried him down the mountain without a word, but he was met at every house he passed with dainties for the hungry, half-starved boy.

How it was, Fred Long could never tell. He remembered showing the boy to his cronies at the tavern and having a dim idea he drank so much that Mary would feel bad if he went directly home, so he climbed the mountain with the boy, and then wandered around picking flowers until he became sleepier and sleepier, and telling the boy to play under a tree around some rocks, he threw himself down under a tree and fell asleep. When he awakened, he had forgotten all about the boy, took another drink from a bottle in his pocket, and started down the mountain. He remembered no more about it, until he awakened the next day in his own home at noon and some one told him his child was lost. 'And for Freddy's sake,' he added, 'I've forever sworn off. You can't get any more of the stuff down my throat.'

The Field That was Near.

(By the Rev. J. Mervin Hull in 'Wellspring.')

The little minister stepped forward to the edge of the platform.

'If you really want to do some helpful work for humanity,' he declared, 'you can find it right here in our own village, and you can accomplish it by means of the most common activities connected with our church work.'

Pretty Alice Mayhew listened earnestly to the sermon, and as she walked homeward after the service, she tried to think how she could make Mr. Anderson's words apply to her own case. She was just passing old Mrs. Harlow on the icy sidewalk, when the aged lady slipped, and would have fallen but for the support of Alice's strong, young arm.

'Thank you kindly, my dear,' said Mrs. Harlow; 'I'm gettin' old and clumsy,—but I'm better off than some that's a good many years younger than what I am. I was jest thinkin' about poor Mrs. Belroy. There's Doctor Ryder comin' from her house now.'

'I didn't know that she was ill,' said Alice.

'She ain't exactly sick, but she's worse

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

How a Revival was Hindered

A PASTOR'S EFFORTS RENDERED FRUITLESS BY DIFFERENCES AMONG HIS FLOCK.

(By Hope Daring, in 'Ram's Horn.')

'I think it an excellent idea, Mr. Skillman, to commence the meetings early. Next week you said. I'm so glad! Have another piece of chicken, do. Mrs. Skillman, let me help you to a peach pickle.'

Miss Eleanor Hunt, spinster, was entertaining her pastor and his wife at supper. The table was spread with the silver and the lavender and white china of a generation long past as well as with an abundance of creature comforts. Miss Eleanor was dark-eyed with a faded pink still coloring her cheeks. She had eye-glasses and always wore gloves in meeting, as distinguished from many of her rural neighbors.

'Thank you, Miss Hunt,' the minister said as he accepted another biscuit. 'I am glad the idea is pleasing to you. It has been well received by the church generally. There is something else I am trying to do. Thank you, I will take another cup of coffee. Your coffee is very good.'

The eyes of the hostess shone with pleasure as she poured the stream of fragrant, amber-brown liquid upon the two squares of loaf sugar and the yellow cream she had placed in the cup. She handed the coffee to her guest, saying:

'What is the something else? I am so glad to see your interest in your work.'

The Reverend Ralph Skillman's thin, scholarly face flushed. His heart was in his work, else he would not have dared reply as he did.

'It is this, dear friend. I think it useless for a church to attempt to reach the unconverted unless there is peace and harmony among the members.'

Miss Hunt grew pale. Mrs. Skillman nervously stirred her coffee, wishing people would do right of their own accord. The minister went on, his voice steady and grave.

'When we remember what our Master ——'

'I just can't be friends with Deacon Skinner,' Miss Hunt cried, her hands crumpling her white apron. 'You don't know, Mr. Skillman.'

'But, Miss Hunt——'

'There is no but about it. It is just this way. Eighteen years ago I had a pet lamb that strayed away and got in with the deacon's flock. I could not pick it out, but I knew it must be there. He denied it. Said he had counted them and there was his number—two hundred and thirteen. As if with that number he could be sure! We had some high words, besides he said mean things to others. We have never spoken since and never will. I would not do a thing to harm Deacon Skinner, but I won't be friends with him. Not if the whole church should ask me, although I'll do anything else to help along the cause. Have some of the pound cake.'

Mr. Skillman saw that further words were useless. Miss Hunt urged her delicacies upon her guests, she begged them to come again, she cut her choicest white chrysanthemums for Mrs. Skillman, yet the pastor knew he had failed.

The next afternoon he called upon Deacon Skinner. The deacon's house-keeper came to the door of the farm-house and said that her employer was 'back in the cornfield.' The minister inquired the way and started off down the lane.

It was a day late in October. On each side of the lane stretched level, well-tilled fields covered with the rank autumnal growth of grass and grain. On the right were pastures crossed by a babbling brook. There sheep and cattle grazed peacefully. From the maples overhead a passing breeze brought down a shower of red and golden-hued leaves. A light gray mist, flushed by the sunlight to rose-pink, mantled the distant hill-tops.

Ralph Skillman drew a long breath. '"Marvellous are the works of thy hands." he murmured. 'I will not be discouraged. Surely these, thy people, O Lord, will hear the words thou commandest thy servant to speak.'

He found Deacon Skinner husking corn. The deacon was a tall, erect man of fifty. His kindly face was tanned by sun and wind, and a heavy iron-grey mustache shaded his mouth.

'Now, I'm proper glad to see you, parson,' and he held out his strong right hand. 'Go on with work, did you say? Not a bit of it.'

They talked of the weather and the crops for a few minutes. Then Mr. Skillman spoke of the coming meetings. Deacon Skinner was interested, but when the minister went on to tell of the unity he was trying to promote a cloud settled upon the other's face.

'It's Eleanor Hunt and me 'you mean,' he said bravely. 'There's no use talking, parson. If you should argue a week it wouldn't do a mite of good. She is the only person in all the world that ever accused me of dishonesty, and we can't be friends. I'm sorry it's so, for, as you say, such things do harm in a church, but it can't be helped.'

Again was Ralph Skillman defeated. This failure crippled his success in other quarters Wherever he went, trying to promote a spirit of Christ-like fellowship, he was referred to this long-standing feud.

He prepared to open the meetings from which he had hoped so much. Were these hopes doomed to disappointment? The promises of God are sure, but what of those who refused to accept these promises?

The first evening came. A half hour before the time to start for the church Mrs. Skillman entered her husband's study. Ralph was sitting before the grate, for the wind was raw, and a tiny fire had been kindled.

He smiled as his wife drew her own chair to his side.

'Don't look so worried, Lena. It will all come right.'

She laid her head upon the arm of his chair, and, for a few minutes, there was no sound save the crackling of the fire. Both husband and wife were asking for God's guidance.

'Deacon Skinner left a bushel of apples at the kitchen door this afternoon,' Mrs. Skillman said after a little. 'And Miss Eleanor brought over a couple of glasses of her quince jelly. It is beautiful—just the same golden-cardinal that mother's used to be, Ralph.'

'What is it, dear?'

'Mrs. Green was here to-day. She says the trouble between Deacon Skinner and dear Miss Eleanor was really made by the deacon's wife. As a girl she had been jealous of Miss Eleanor. Years only strengthened her dislike, so she fanned the flame of the quarrel, repeating and magnifying the words said on both sides. She has been dead ten years, but the two whom she set at variance, still refuse to forgive.'

Ralph sighed. After a few minutes he rose. 'It is time for us to go. We will leave this trouble with God.'

The meeting was well attended. All felt the pastor's earnestness. Nor was it his alone; others were burdened for souls.

Two weeks went by. Each night the village church was crowded. Ralph Skillman preached, prayed and pleaded. The members of the church worked faithfully. Yet a weight seemed to rest on all. Of those who knew not Christ as a Saviour and Redeemer not one was moved.

Miss Hunt and Deacon Skinner were present every night. They took part in the prayer and testimony meeting. When they came face to face in aisle or vestibule, each looked away and refused to see the other.

One evening the minister preached a powerful sermon, dwelling on God's love. Tears rained down many faces as he spoke of Christ's life and wondrous death. A fervent appeal to the unconverted followed, but there was no response.

'Let us kneel and pray,' Mr. Skillman said, his face pale and stern. 'Let us pray in Christ's own words.'

He began the Lord's prayer. The voices of all the professed Christians joined his, that of Deacon Skinner ringing out clear and resonant.

'"Forgive us our trespasses,"' the words were earnest and imploring. '"as"' —— there was a break. Deacon Skinner was silent, and Miss Hunt sobbed aloud.

The prayer was ended. All rose from their knees, and when the congregation was seated two remained standing. They were Miss Hunt and Deacon Skinner. Eleanor spoke first, and her voice was broken.

'"As we forgive." I have dared repeat that prayer while my heart was hot with anger towards one who was a brother in the church and an old friend. God is good; he did not answer my wicked prayer. I ask his forgiveness. Deacon Skinner, I ask you to pardon me for my unjust words of long ago and for my sinful anger. I ask the church to forgive me for my unfaithfulness. I ask those who know not Christ to forgive me for so ill following my blessed Master before them. There is naught but forgiveness and love in my heart to-night.'

The deacon had remained standing. He had taken a pencil from his pocket and made a rapid calculation on a bit of paper. Holding this paper in his hand he began speaking.

'I have been resentful and wicked in this matter. How did I dare say "as we forgive"? Friends, I, too, ask you to forgive me. Miss Eleanor, let us be friends.'

He crossed the room and took her hands in his. Happy tears dimmed her eyes.

Once more the deacon spoke. 'Now as to the cause of all this trouble—Miss Eleanor's lamb. Had it been put out to double once in three years—the usual terms—she would now have sixty-four sheep. At three dollars a head they would be worth one hundred and ninety-two dollars. I know Miss Hunt too well to offer her this money, but, to prove the sincerity of my repentance, I will to-morrow pay the amount to the foreign missionary society.'

Another brief silence. Then Ralph Skillman said:

'Let us pray.'

From that prayer he rose to once more present Christ to those before him. He did

it with confidence. Had they not just witnessed the power of that Christ?

Not in vain did he plead. First one, then another, and at last ten persons were kneeling at the altar, seeking salvation.

The good work did not stop there. It went on and on. Ralph Skillman's hopes were realized. The village and the surrounding country was visited by a far-reaching revival.

Charles M. Sheldon as a Comic Poet.

(Alfred Williams Anthony, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.')

At one time in his senior year at Andover he undertook to write a poem a day for the delectation of his fellow students. In his room at the seminary he had a blackboard, procured I do not know from what source; and on this he wrote his daily effusions. Some were bright and witty. Some were sober and grave. Some dealt with theological themes; others were sheer nonsense. Some of them express real poetic sentiment, and are phrased with care and skill; others show the effects of haste and crudeness.

The verses for March 9 are these:—

'I love to think when I am sad
That some one loves me still;
I love to think some one is glad
I've paid that big coal bill.

'I love to think of times gone by,
And muse o'er life's great mystery;
But—no—I cannot tell a lie,
I do not love Church History.'

The weather did not altogether please Mr. Sheldon in those early spring days, and after the manner of Josh Billings he enters a protest against it in the following description. It must be remembered that the writer had come from Dakota, and knew something about the 'blizzards from the plains.'

'Take a cyclone on a breeze;
Take a ten-horse-power sneeze;
Take a hundred hurricanes
And some blizzards from the plains;
Take an earthquake at its best,
After it has had a rest;
Stir the mixture well together,
And you get New England weather.'

St. Valentine's Day shed its influence forward and back. On the day preceding these lines came upon the blackboard:—

'Charming maiden, love divine
Can transform a "mine" to "thine";
It can change an "I" to "thee."
It can make "you" think of "me";
Charming maiden, since "mine" is "thine,"
Wilt thou be my Valentine?'

'Then the maiden made reply,
Speaking low and glancing shy:
"I can give no reason why
Pronoun 'my' should change to 'thy,'
But, if 'mine' be truly 'thine,'
I will be thy Valentine!"'

And the day after St. Valentine's Day the natural consequences of the occasion found expression in this manner:—

'He belonged to the bachelor class,
And every day
He was wont to say,
"'It's a weary world, alas! alas!"

'He's no more in the bachelor class,
Because he has found,
By looking around
In the weary world, a lass, a lass.'

The next rhyme about the boy and the tack, has been set to music and sung in comic song, where none have known or dreamed of the authorship:—

'There was a boy; there was a tack;
There was a teacher new;
The tack sat down upon its head;
The teacher sat down, too.
'Then up he rose and seized that boy,
Who shook in every joint;
(Boy) "I only meant it for a joke!"
(Teacher) "I fail to see the point!"'

These nonsense jingles are not the only lines written in those early days by the man whose genius for the simple and the real in daily life as well as in public ministrations from the pulpit and the press have made him famous and great; but these show the lighter, playful side of his nature, a side which is constant, and just as natural and spontaneous, without effort or affectation, as the side with which the world has become so well acquainted in these last few years. Mr. Sheldon is buoyant and full of life. There is nothing long-faced or austere in his make-up. He loves fun; he makes fun; he cannot help it. It is his very temperament and constitution to see the funny side of things and make others see it. He would never set before the world as the standard of Christian life and endeavor the idea of austerity, but of purity, charity, and service, with vigor, brightness, and cheer. And those who know him best have nothing else to remember about him from the early days.

Waiting.

Learn to wait—life's hardest lesson
Conned, perchance, through blinding tears,
While the heart-throbs sadly echo
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait—hope's slow fruition,
Faint not, though the way seem long;
There is joy in each condition,
Hearts through suffering may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
To the scathing tempest's power.

Thus a soul, untouched by sorrow,
Aims not at a higher state;
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow,
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness,
Spring not from life's sunny side,
Heroes must be more than drift-wood
Floating on a waveless tide.

Correspondence

Kirkdale, Que.

Dear Editor,—I went to a sugaring off a few weeks ago, out in the woods over at Mr. Burril's. We ran about in the woods after we had all the sugar we wanted and got Mayflowers. We had a lot of fun. We had Mayflowers about the 4th of April. Our salute to our flag is: 'Behold our emblem, three crosses on one field, three colors for us to cherish, the red for zeal, the white for purity, and the blue for love. This is the flag of our Universal Empire.'

ETHEL M. (aged 10).

Moukton. Que.

Dear Editor,—I live in the village of Moukton. I have been going to school till just lately. I have stopped and now I am working at blacksmithing. Moukton is a small village between Mitchell and Attwood. There are three churches here, Presbyterian, Methodist and Lutheran, two blacksmith shops, one hotel and two stores. I have two brothers, one is going to High School in Mitchell, and the other is teaching school. We have a horse, his name is Whiskers; two cows, a calf, and some hens. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and I get the 'Messenger' there, and like it very much.

D. R.

Kirkdale Que.

Dear Editor,—We go down to the woods for Mayflowers nearly every noon. They grow beside a little brook, under the trees. We had a game of Puss in the Corner at one of our noons. It was fun. We had trees for corners.

ALICE M.

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor—I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school every day. I have two miles and a half to go. I am in the second book. My papa keeps store. We have a horse and cow. I have two pet cats. Their names are Waggie and Pansy. I take music lessons, and can play a few tunes on the piano. My mamma and I went to the North-West when I was five years old. We went to the Rocky Mountains, Calgary, Innisfail, and Edmonton. I can remember about the things I saw. We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school. I like to read the little letters. My papa is the superintendent, and my teacher's name is Miss Boles.

VERNA L. O.

Dalhousie, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in Annapolis County. I think Dalhousie is a very pretty place in summer. I go to school every day, and I am in the seventh grade. I have a mile and a half to go. I have three sisters and two brothers, one of my brothers is married and lives in Annapolis town. Our Sunday-school is two miles from my home. It is built on a high hill in quite a pretty place. There are lots of Mayflowers in bloom now, and they are lovely; they have a beautiful perfume, they bloom in April and in May. My birthday is on July 16, and if any other girl's birthday is the same as mine or in the same month will she please write. My age is twelve years. My address is:—Grace K. Jackson, Dalhousie West, Annapolis County, N.S.

Jonesville, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about a mile from Jonesville and about three miles from the nearest depot. I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and all of our family think it is such a nice paper. I have a brother twenty-four years old, and a sister nearly three. I am twelve years old, and am in the eighth grade in school. I enjoy reading the correspondence very much. I go to church and Sunday-school. For pets I have a dog, her name is Revel, she is a beagle hound, and she has awful large ears. I got three books on Xmas, and two brooches, a fur collar and a work-box. I spoke in the church on Easter. It would be nice if you had a puzzle corner in the 'Messenger.' If you had I would send some beheadings.

M. R. S.

St. Eugene, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like to read the letters very much. My sister takes the paper. Of our family there are two girls and five boys. My little brother has a pet pigeon and he calls it Polly. I go to school and like my teacher very much. There are fifteen going to school. My brothers and sister and I go to school. Our hens are laying and I gather the eggs myself. My cousin is going to write too. My birthday is on January 25, and I was away that day. We had fun skating on the ice this winter.

ELIZABETH E. M.

Richmond, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is the second letter I have written to the 'Messenger,' but when I wrote before I had no dog. Now I have a dog named Fido, who always wanted to go to school when I went. One morning when we were all at school, I heard a funny noise at the window, on looking up I saw Fido coming through the window, so I took him out and sent him home. We have a pet lamb called Pinkey. My sister and I washed Pinkey's face and tied a piece of blue ribbon around his neck. I am very fond of reading and I like Miss Alcott's books better than anything else. I like 'Little Men' very

much. We live about half a mile from school. My teacher is very nice, but I do not like to go to school very well. I liked the story 'Lizzie's Treats' in the Messenger' very much. AMY L. D.

Morden, Man.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' and this is the first letter I have written to you. We have nine horses and two colts, and twenty-five head of cattle. I have a dog and four cats. The dog's name is Jack. We live in the country. We are seven miles from Morden. I have not far to go to school. My birthday is on October 8. I am eight years old.

JOSEPH F.

Montfort, Que.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible, and like it very much, and thank you for it. I am nearly through the New Testament this year. I have taken the 'Messenger' for five or six years, and mother sends it to six little boys and girls. One little boy in Rhode Island, U.S.A., gives it to the Deaconess Home, and the ladies enjoy it very much, so you see our little paper does lots of good in the world. I live in the Laurentian Mountains away from school and church but I study at home, and get my Sunday-school lessons. I have a lovely St. Bernard dog, he weighs one hundred and forty-two pounds. I have a lovely saddle horse. I go out when I like all over. I hope this letter is not too long to be published. I wish you could come and make a visit to me. MONA M. J. (aged 12).

[Yes, I wish I could visit all my little friends.—Editor.]

Ratho, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' ever since I was a little girl. My sister Maggie took it first. She took it till my sister Nettie got big, then she wanted to get it in her name, and I have got it in my name for three or four years. As you wanted some of the readers to send you names I thought I would send you some. I have read a few books. GEORGEN S.

Maynooth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As my brother was sending his subscription for your paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' I thought I would write and tell you how much I like your paper. We have no Sunday-schcol this winter, but I am studying the Shorter Catechism at home. I go to the Presbyterian church. We built a nice new school-house, but have not been successful enough to get a teacher for it yet. NETTIE C. C. (aged 9).

Janeville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am in the third reader. We had a rain storm last Saturday. I like to read the Little Folks' page. We have two cats and one dog. His name is Gip. I have one sister and one brother. His name is Alfred. We have three turkeys. The ice is nearly all out of the bay now. We are hooking mats now, we have one hooked and the second one nearly done.

MAGGIE E. (aged 12).

Rectory Hill, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I live about a mile from school. We have had a good many storms this winter. We had a Christmas tree in the school-house, and had Santa to take off the presents for us. I have five brothers and two sisters. Both my sisters are married. I enclose thirty cents for my subscription for another year. MARY L. L.

Grand View Park,
Clayton, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. We live at the head of Wellesby Island; it is about three miles from Thousand Island Park. Wellesby Island is in the St. Lawrence river, it is a lovely place in the summer. We live close to the water. There are boats of all description running past here, large and small steamers and pleasure boats of all kinds. The searchlight excursions go past here every night, and when the light shines round it makes things look beautiful. My brother and I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for about two years. I have three brothers and one sister; one of my brothers is in heaven. Every summer that my friends come from the city we have a picnic near our house in a grove. I do not go to school, but mother teaches us, it is too far to go to school. We have a large flock of hens and a number of them are setting; one hen has hatched out eleven chickens and the rats carried all of them away but six, in about two days. Sometimes my brother Clifford stands on our dock and catches enough fish for dinner in a very short time. MABEL MINNETTA R.

Alma, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My home is on a farm in Nova Scotia. We keep twelve cows and two horses. I have six brothers, but no sister. I will be seven years old next summer. I go nearly a mile to school every day, and like to learn my lessons. My teacher is very nice, and pretty, too. I am glad spring is coming, so I can play out of doors.

ANNIE W. A.

Folly Village, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in Folly Village; it has a creamery, manse, church, hall, post-office, store, hotel, medicine factory, carriage shop and blacksmith shop. I go to school every day, and am in the advanced department. My teacher is Miss Patterson, and I like her very much. I am in the seventh grade. My studies are arithmetic, algebra, geography, Canadian history, reading and English grammar. My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and we are all very fond of it. We have taken it for a long while. My father is a blacksmith. I have six sisters and three brothers. Three sisters and two brothers are away from home. My eldest brother is in Cowley, Alberta. I will be thirteen the last of April. I saw two large cinnamon bears passing through this place to-day. They were tame and led by two men. LULU B. M.

The Manse, Duart, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been looking at the letters to you in the 'Messenger.' I have not seen any from Duart, and so I am going to have my name in for once. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I do not know what I should do if I could not go there. I take the 'Messenger' and like it fine. I think it is a good plan to put a story in for the Little Folks. Duart is in Orford, and Orford is in Kent. I think I will close my letter now. JAMES A.

Hazel Grove, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from here I thought I would write one. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school nearly every Sunday, and my teacher's name is Miss Brown. I live two miles from Sunday-school. I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I think it is a very nice paper. I go to school nearly every day. My teacher's name is Miss E. Ackland, and I like her very well. I live about a mile from school. I generally get a drive there in winter. I am twelve years old, and my birthday is on December 3. I have five sisters and four brothers. My papa has one hundred and fifty acres of land. My papa is an agent, and he is away nearly every day. I have twenty-seven first cousins living. I have one grandma and one grandpa living. MARION E. B.

Carbonear, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Carbonear, so I thought I would write one. I have written to you before, but it was a long time ago. I like reading the 'Northern Messenger,' especially the correspondence. I have enjoyed this Christmas very much. I go to school every day, and I am in the fifth reader. I gained the prize for getting merits. I had forty-five of them. My teacher's name is Miss Tibbo. I like her very much. I am twelve years of age. I have six brothers. My brother Sandy has a dog named Buller. MINA C.

Gait.

Dear Editor—As my sister is sending in her subscription for the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write and tell you what we all think of your paper. Mother thinks it is about thirteen years since we started to take it. We all like the 'Messenger' very much, and mother thinks it is about the best paper printed. The correspondence has greatly improved lately. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger,' especially the letters. I was fourteen on April 3, and am in the senior fourth class. My teacher is Mr. Linton. He is a good teacher and is spoken highly of. I intend to try for the entrance on the 25th 26th and 27th of next June. All his pupils that tried the entrance last year passed. My studies are reading, writing, drawing, arithmetic, mental arithmetic, grammar, physiology, geography, composition, history, spelling, and literature. I came out second in a test examination two weeks ago, getting 810 marks out of 995. I swept the paper in arithmetic, did best in mental arithmetic and composed the best composition. In composition we had our choice of three subjects, a barn-raising, the pleasures of winter, or an early settler's story. I chose the last. I have three sisters going to school. Lizzie passed the entrance last midsummer.

H. B. M.

Elm Side, Vankleek Hill.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. I think I will write about my trip from Scotland, perhaps the Canadian children would like to hear about it. As the ship began to move slowly from the shore a hundred and forty of us girls sang, 'We are out on the ocean sailing,' and all the other friends on shore cheered and waved their handkerchiefs until we were out of sight. We were on the ocean thirteen days. We got along nicely for six days, then we were fog-bound for three days. We saw some wonderful sights coming out. Some of the small girls were frightened when the great waves would roll into the end of the ship, while others would be delighted to see them. We saw quite a number of whales and sharks, and we were pretty frightened of the great big monsters as they would send the water spraying for a great many feet into the air. We all felt happy when we saw the first little spot of land, as we had seen nothing but sky and sea for quite a number of days. When we landed we found it very hard to walk on solid ground after tossing on the ocean for so many days. We found Canada very large and pleasant after living in the crowded city of Glasgow.

J. G. L.

Iowa City, Iowa.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and enjoy it very much. We have had very muddy weather, but it has turned cold now. I have for my pets some flying squirrels. Papa caught them last fall when he was chopping down a tree. The doctor was passing just as papa caught them and he took two and papa gave me the other three. When papa got them they were just little bits of things, but they are a little larger than a mouse now. They are grey on the back and white underneath. They have a long flat tail, which they wrap round themselves when they go to sleep. They have tiny pink paws and sit on their hind legs and eat with their front paws, they have white and very sharp teeth, with which they open the nuts they eat. They have a stump in their box in which they store nuts, bread, crackers, and others things that we give them to eat. They like cake and candy just as well as children do. We give them corn on the cob and fruit and many other things. We keep a dish of water in their box all the time. They have a little box in which they sleep and have their nest in. I take them out of the box and bring them into the house and let them have a romp in the room. One always wants to jump on to the stove. After they get tired romping one goes to sleep in the waste basket, one in papa's hat that hangs on the wall, and one on top of the clock, which gets angry when we disturb its sleep. Sometimes they get angry when we go to catch them and lie on their back and kick at us with all four feet and try to bite. Mamma gave them some candy once which stuck fast to their fur, and they had a big time trying to get it off. Our dog likes to sit in front of the box and watch them.

NETTIE MacD. (aged 14).

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

HOUSEHOLD.

[For the 'Messenger.

Cruelty to Children.

While calling on a neighbor one day she was speaking of another neighbor near by as being a very good mother, so kind and careful of her children, anxious that they should be well fed and neatly clothed. We said she makes a good wife and mother, but the thought was in our mind, does she make a truly good and faithful mother? Is she not caring for the bodies of her children to the neglect of their souls, as we had never known her to take her children to church and Sabbath-school, though living within sound of the church bell? It seems to us there could be no greater cruelty to a child than to bring it up without teaching it its dependence on and need of God, and that our life in this world is to train and fit us for our real and eternal home. The thought made us tremble. What if our parents had not taught us these truths and we had not been brought up early in life to attend God's house of worship! We think it a great mistake with parents at the present time in sending their children to Sabbath school to the neglect of attending the church services. We believe a child brought up from early childhood to attend church will form the habit and will when grown and away from home most naturally seek for a place of church worship, and thus be kept from paths of sin and Sabbath-breaking. We knew of a mother, a neighbor of ours, when we were young, who did not teach her children early in life to attend church or Sabbath-school, and after they were grown to young manhood and womanhood rather seemed to discourage their going to any place of worship, and yet she herself was a member of a good Protestant church. We sometimes wonder what will be the judgment passed upon such a parent.'

CATHERINE AVERY.

Convenient Arrangements.

As to how a country woman's lot might be bettered, I will tell how we have soft water nine months in the year without a cistern. For the wash water we have an old tank holding about twelve barrels on a standard four feet wide, north of the washroom. A piece of inch pipe is inserted in one side near the bottom and extends into washroom, where it is connected with hose. All I have to do is to take the hose down from the nail and run the water into the boiler or tubs.

For the kitchen sink we have a smaller tank and a faucet attached to the pipe. The sink my husband made, with a drain entirely above ground. In the summer the drain extends into the chicken yard, about fifty feet, and empties into a trough for the chickens. In the winter we make it shorter, as it freezes easily. The wash water is emptied into a large pail, in the corner of the room, which has a drain to the garden. The rain water runs directly into the tanks from the roof by means of lengths of tin about four inches wide, bent to form a right angle, and with one side nailed under the second row of shingles. Another convenience is a cupboard between kitchen and dining-room. Husband cut a hole in the partition just large enough to fit the cupboard, took off the back boards and fitted glass doors on the dining-room side.—'Union Signal.'

The Proper Method of Frying Food.

A fair-sized pot should be filled with good dripping for the cook's use when frying, but if dripping be not available at the moment two pounds of beef suet make an excellent substitute. When frying is required, put all the dripping into a large iron saucepan without a lid and let it melt. At first the fat will bubble and make quite a noise, but it is not fit to use until still and quiet, with a faint blue smoke rising from it. Put rissoles, cutlets, potato chips or whatever is to be fried into a wire frying basket, and then plunge it into the fat, completely immersing its contents. This is the great secret of success. The basket has a handle by which it may be lifted to see how long to fry. A very short time suffices for the cooking of fish or meat like rissoles. They should be taken out when a golden brown, as they become a little darker afterwards. Always put them on crumpled kitchen paper in front of the fire to drain and keep hot while the others are frying. Only a few can be cooked at once, as they must not touch one another in the basket.

If one is frying cutlets, it is better, after cooking for a few minutes, to draw the saucepan to the side of the stove, thereby lowering the intense heat. Otherwise the cutlets might not cook thoroughly through, but be overdone on the outside and underdone inside.

Orange, apple or any kind of fritters may by cooked as above. The moment the fat is finished with place it, if possible, outside the house to cool, as thus the fumes go off, no smell remaining to pervade the house. Then take a strainer and strain the fat back into the pot, where it remains. This fat can be used over and over again, and, with a little dripping added now and again, should last for a year. So there is no extravagance in using plenty of fat every time anything is fried.

Quantities of butter, lard and dripping are wasted by many a cook who throws all away every time she fries, whereas if the 'bath of fat' be kept it is always ready for use in a short time and does its work well. It fries crisply and dryly instead of in the greasy manner so often seen. The faint blue smoke must be perceived and waited for. Without that and a complete absence of bubbling and noise success will not be obtained.—'Catholic News.'

Send Them to Bed with a Kiss.

('St. Louis Christian Advocate.')

O mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet children's voices,
For a sweet, childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world for just this;
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

Untrained.

Within a few doors of the home of the writer is a Boston girl who was married about two years ago and who is endeavoring to make a pleasant, comfortable home for a worthy and industrious young man. It is no reflection on Boston, except that we naturally expect more from Boston than from some other cities, especially when we add that this young lady came from a home of wealth and culture. According to her own assertion she knew absolutely nothing about housekeeping or how to do ordinary sewing when she was married, simply because her mother preferred to take all the responsibilities and the direction of her servants. To-day this Boston young lady is learning many things by bitter experience and spends hours in weeping over the lost opportunities of girlhood. If she were not such an eager learner her case would seem pitiable. An elder sister, more recently married, and placed at the head of a wealthier home, is learning the fundamentals from this younger sister. She is still likely to pick up a darning needle to sew on a cambric handkerchief, or put the potatoes in the coffee pot, if her servant does not interfere, and she too is treading the thorny path of experience. In time she may learn from her younger sister how to make a home.

The great majority of girls, whose home education has been neglected, will not have the enthusiasm to learn that these Boston girls have, and will run through a short and wretched life in a miserable fashion. The homes of the moderately well-to-do, or even the poor, are just as likely to err in this respect as the homes of the wealthy, because the mother does not wish to take the trouble to teach her daughters, wrongly hoping that either they may enter a rich man's home where they imagine such knowledge would be useless, or that they may find employment in some one of the many avenues of business which have opened up for young women.—'Ram's Horn.'

Selected Recipes.

Rice Pudding.—Put three tablespoonfuls each of well-washed rice, granulated sugar and seeded raisins, and one quart of milk into a buttered baking pan, and let it stand on the back of the range one hour, then bake slowly until the rice comes to the top and the milk is nearly absorbed. Serve hot with butter, or cold with cream.—'American Kitchen Magazine.'

Date Pudding.—Dates are exceedingly nourishing. In choosing them have those of the paler brown, if they can be got: take out the stones, and break the dates in two while doing it. Then mix together half a pound of flour, that would be about a large breakfast cupful, a quarter of a pound of suet chopped fine (either beef or mutton will do), a large tablespoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful mixed spice. Mix these things together thoroughly dry before the dates are added, then stir them in as you would raisins, and mix with water, until the whole forms a rather moist paste. Wet and flour a pudding-cloth, and tie it up, leaving room for the dates to swell a little, but making the string quite tight; boil for two hours, and then turn out on a hot dish. If you want to warm up date pudding, currant or plum pudding, the best way is either to put the whole piece into a steamer over boiling water for a quarter of an hour, or cut in slices, put into a dish and pour some milk over it. Cover, and let it stand in the oven for a few minutes.

ON TRIAL TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

From date. {'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide.'} To the end of the year.

Both papers to any address in Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) or the United States,

ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, - - Montreal, Canada.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

than that. You know they lost their little Margaret when she was three years old, and more than a year ago Mr. Belroy died. Since then Mrs. Belroy never leaves the house; she keeps the windows all darkened except the bay window where her plants are; she'll not see nobody if she can help it, and she jest sets there and looks at her husband's picture all day long. The doctor's really afraid that she will lose her reason if something don't happen to rouse her out of this terrible condition.'

The next afternoon Alice walked swiftly up the path of snow to Mrs. Belroy's house and rang the bell. 'There,' she told herself, 'that's done, and I've not the least idea what to do next, except that Mr. Anderson said, "by means of the most common activities connected with our church work," and I'm going to try one of them.'

She waited a long time, but there was no response to her ring. At length she rang again. Then she heard slow, dragging footsteps, as if some very aged person were coming through the hall. The door opened about half way, and revealed Mrs. Belroy. Her form was drooping, her face was white and drawn, her eyes seemed to look far beyond Alice and to see nothing.

'Good afternoon, Mrs. Belroy,' began Alice, cheerfully; 'I've been noticing your beautiful flowers in the window, and I want to come in and see them nearer, if I may. Mine do so poorly this winter that I am almost discouraged over them.'

Mrs. Belroy turned round without saying a word. But she did not shut the door, and Alice followed her stumbling through the darkened parlor till they came to the sitting room where the large bay window was filled with plants.

'O Mrs. Belroy, what a bank of beauty!' exclaimed Alice. 'Such thrifty geraniums! and here is a pot of lovely white cyclamens, and four callas in blossom! How do you manage it? What are these? I believe you have some lilies already started for Easter, haven't you?'

'I do not think they will blossom for Easter,' said Mrs. Belroy, gloomily. 'I'm not trying to hasten them.'

'Now, Mrs. Belroy,' Alice went on, 'I'm going to reveal my scheme at once. I'm on the flower committee, and I want you to give me a few of your flowers to take to poor old Mrs. Simons this afternoon.'

Mrs. Belroy made no answer, but she took her scissors and cut a large bouquet of flowers, and put them in a covered basket to protect them from the cold.

'This is so kind of you, Mrs. Belroy!' said Alice, eagerly. 'I'll take them at once, and bring in the basket on my way back.'

Mrs. Belroy went into the parlor and opened one curtain a little and watched Alice as she hastened along the street. All through the afternoon she sat there, till Alice came in with the basket.

'I wish you could have seen that poor old lady's face light up when she saw the flowers!' she exclaimed. 'She reached out her thin, crooked hands so eagerly and took the flowers and kissed them.'

A gleam of interest flitted across Mrs. Belroy's face for an instant, and she said as Alice turned to go, 'I will give you some flowers for church next Sunday, if you will come after them.'

On Saturday afternoon when Alice went after the flowers she found the parlor well lighted, and in one corner was an excellent portrait of Mr. Belroy, on an easel, heavily draped in black. Mrs. Belroy talked quite freely about the flowers as she cut them, and Alice noticed that the Easter lilies were brought forward where they would get more light and warmth.

'Now Mrs. Belroy,' said Alice at length, 'you have been so very kind about the flowers that I'm going to ask another favor of you, a very great favor. Will you let us have the social here next Wednesday evening?' Without waiting for an answer she went on: 'These rooms are exquisitely arranged for such a gathering. Just throw these portières open like this, you know, and it is all one lovely room.' Then coming close to Mrs. Belroy Alice said, very gently, 'One thing that the young people would appreciate very much is this lifelike picture of Mr. Belroy. We all loved him as our teacher at the academy.'

Mrs. Belroy's eyes filled with tears, but for the first time she looked frankly at Alice as she whispered, ' You may come.'

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Belroy's house was brightly lighted for the first time in many months. 'You must come over early,' she had said to Alice, 'so as to be with me when the young people begin to come. I'm afraid I can't be a very cheerful hostess.'

Before the evening was over, Mrs. Belroy could not help being influenced by the presence of so much youthful happiness, but what touched her most was the interest that many of the young people took in her husband's portrait. They gathered round it, and spoke of their love for him when he was principal of the academy, and told of his kindness and patience toward his pupils.

'Why, Mrs. Belroy,' said tall Frank Roberts, 'here I am on my last year in the preparatory course, and if it hadn't been for the encouraging words of Mr. Belroy I never should have thought I could take a college course.'

While they were busy over the refreshments, Mrs. Belroy said to Alice, 'Who is that pretty girl over in the corner with the—the'—

With the plain calico dress,' finished Alice. 'She is Jenny Raymer, and I had hard work to persuade her to come; but I was sure that our young people would make her forget any difference in her dress, and they have. The Raymers are very poor,' she went on. "They are trying to keep Jenny in the Academy this year, but Mrs. Raymer is not strong, and there is little Margaret to take care of, a lovely little child, Mrs. Raymer, with dark curls and deep gray eyes.'

'With dark curls and deep gray eyes,' whispered Mrs. Belroy, and before Alice went home that evening she said: 'Alice, will you go with me to visit the Raymers' to-morrow? I will have Simon Hyle take us in one of his teams.'

For an answer Alice threw her arms round Mrs. Belroy's neck and kissed her, and when at last Mrs. Belroy was alone she did two things, first she took away all the crape from Mr. Belroy's portrait, and then she spent a long time making up a large bundle of cloth which was not crape.

As they drew near the home of the Raymers the next afternoon, Mrs. Belroy grasped Alice's arm.

'Oh, the poor darling!' she cried. 'Just see that patched cloak and such a thin dress, and no rubbers on those worn-out shoes on this cold snow,' and she made a little sound that was compassion and love and promise all in one inarticulate word.

'Will you not come to me, Margaret? I am Alice's friend.' Gathering up the shy little figure in her arms, Mrs. Belroy went into the house, and was so introduced to Mrs. Raymer.

When they had talked a little while, Mrs. Belroy said: 'Now, Mrs. Raymer, in memory of my little Margaret, who was so like your little Margaret, please let me have my own way with your little girl this afternoon. Alice, will you be kind enough to ask Mr. Hyle to bring in that bundle from the sleigh?'

Then Mrs. Belroy took off Margaret's clothing, kissing the white shoulders and soft arms as she did so, and put upon the child the warm, beautiful garments which Margaret Belroy had worn.

A few weeks later, when Mrs. Belroy stood among her own white lilies in the church at Easter time and sang, 'I know that my Redeemer lives,' old Mrs. Harlow whispered: 'It is like a resurrection from the dead. I cannot understand it.'

The Two Angels.

At the gate of life stand two angels. One promises you success in life without exertion, the other offers you the prize if you work for it. You can take your choice. You may win a cheap, rapid, and easy success by lax methods and smart-mindedness; but if you desire the true prize, you will only find it in the way of labor.—The Bishop of Ripon.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of May of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER

[illegible] in 'The Spectator,' London.
[illegible] in 'The Spectator' and 'The Mail,' London.
Senator Hoar's Speech—New York 'Evening Post.'
More Land for the Irish Peasant—Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Victory for Absolutism—By ex-attaché in Boston 'Transcript.'
Accession of Alfonso XIII.—Correspondence of the 'Morning Post,' London.
The Swedish Antarctic Expedition—By Dr. Otto Nordenskjold, in 'The Times,' London.
Mr. Andrew Carnegie at the Guildhall, London—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Budgets and Their Makers—By T. H. S. Escott, in 'The Week's Survey,' London.
The North Atlantic Shipping Trade—'The Times,' London.
British Common Sense—The London 'Statist.'
The Case for Trade Unions—By C. F. G. Masterman, in 'The Pilot,' London.
'The Equal Rights of Man'—'Punch.'
Light on the Coal strike—'The Nation,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS

Articles from 'The Outlook,' London
[illegible] by Mrs. Madeleine Blake, in 'The [illegible] and Burlington, Vt.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY

A Civic Revival Poem, by Richard Watson Gilder, in the 'Scottish American.'
The Character of a Happy Life [illegible] by Henry More, from [illegible] Macmillan's, [illegible] Hare Poem by Harold [illegible], in the London Morning Post.
[illegible] London
[illegible] The Fabian Leaflet' [illegible] Madras Mail
[illegible] by Rudolf Cronau, entitled 'Among the Indians of Dakota,' in Boston 'Transcript.'
A Plea for Canadian Books—Ashley's new Literature, London
[illegible] New York 'Times'
Edward [illegible] Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'

HINTS O' THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE

Marconi [illegible] 'Cassier's Magazine.'
[illegible] 'Scientific American'
Irish Art Treasures, [illegible]
Is Asbestos [illegible] substitute of Mineral Paints?' 'American Machinist.'

'WORLD WIDE'
$1.00 a year.
Special rate to subscribers of the 'Messenger,'
Only 75 cents.
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'WITNESS' BUILDING,
Montreal.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 22.

Temperance Lesson.

Rom. xiii., 8-14. Commit to memory vs. 12.14.

Golden Text.

'Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light.'—Rom. xiii., 12.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 16.—Rom. xiii., 8-14.
Tuesday, June 17.—James iv., 1-10.
Wednesday, June 18.—Psa. xxiv.
Thursday, June 19.—Psa. cxix., 1-16.
Friday, June 20.—I. Pet. i., 13-25.
Saturday, June 21.—II. Cor. vi., 11-18.
Sunday, June 22.—Rom. vi., 12-23.

Lesson Text.

(8) Owe no man anything, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. (9) For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. (10) Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law. (11) And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. (12) The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light. (13) Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. (14) But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.

Suggestions.

St. Paul and the heathen is the combination that has been most prominent in several recent lessons. We now take up a part of one of his letters written to the newly-founded Christian church in a heathen city. Paul did not merely preach once or twice in a place and then leave his convert's without instruction. On the contrary, he realized that converts from heathenism needed far more instruction than those Christians who had been brought up under the good moral law of the Jews. So he not only made a point of revisiting the churches he had founded at such centres of wickedness as Ephesus and Corinth, but wrote them letters of ardent spiritual feeling, as the Epistle to the Ephesians, or solicitous regard, as First Corinthians. This epistle to the Romans seems to have been written principally for the purpose of setting forth certain important doctrines concerning the same and the Jewish law. Paul had not at this time been to Rome himself, but with the authority of an apostle he urges the practical teachings of Christianity, as well expounding the theories on which these are based. One of these practical passages before us is the lesson under consideration. To get the meaning literally let us refer to the Twentieth Century Version, in which it reads as follows:—

Never owe any one anything except brotherly love; for those who love their fellowmen have satisfied the law. The commandments, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not covet, and any other that there is, are all summed up in the words—'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as if he were thyself.' Love never wrongs a neighbor. Therefore Love fully satisfies the Law. What I have said is more urgent because you know the crisis we have reached, for the time has already come for you to rouse yourselves from sleep; for our Salvation is nearer now than when we accepted the Faith. The night is gone; the day is near. Therefore let us have done with the deeds of darkness, and arm ourselves with the weapons of light. As those who are living in the light of day; let us live honorable lives, not indulging in revelry and drunkenness, nor in lust and licentiousness, nor in quarrelling and jealousy. No, arm yourselves with the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ, and spend no thought on your earthly nature and the gratification of its cravings.

'Owe to no man anything,' has sometimes puzzled conscientious readers, for one can hardly conduct any business without sometimes being in debt. All banking and other large business concerns involve the owing of money. It has been well remarked that this text does not forbid making contracts to pay at a future time, but the violation of such contracts. It may be well to encourage the class to discuss how much money one is justified in owing if his income is small, and under what circumstances it is right to incur a large or small debt. Another good discussion would bring out the ways in which a spirit of love would work the good of the community. Show that real kindliness will make us polite as well as law-abiding. In verse eleven it may be that Paul refers to some threatened persecution or perhaps it is the hope of the Lord's coming that is in his mind. It is clear from several passages that the first great generation of Christians expected that great event to occur in their own day or soon after. But if through martyrdom they were, instead, to go to the Lord, there was equal reason for them to prepare for heaven's day by walking in the light (verse 12). In verse thirteen six expressions are used to indicate three kinds of earthly excitement and excess. The light-hearted seeker of pleasure who tries to heighten his jollity by means of the wine-cup, and fling away the restraint for the sake of a 'good time,' will be soon overtaken by more degrading passions, or by the empty madness of brawling. We may be surprised to find 'strife,' mere quarrelling or anger, classed with sins which we regard as being on a lower level, but we must observe that Paul mentions these three kinds of sin as alike belonging to a merely selfish and earthly life, for the next verse exhorts us to have the spirit of Christ and avoid the self-seeking of the earthly nature. This gives us the clue to the amount of indulgence that may be accorded to the demands of our physical nature in food, holidays and other matters. We are to receive such things with thankfulness—the spirit of Christ is a happy spirit—but they must strengthen our will, not weaken it. As 'living in the light of day,' let us avoid not merely the deeds of darkness which Christ has definitely condemned but all those excitements, physical or mental, which are at variance with the pure and peaceable spirit he imparts. If we cannot imagine Christ seeking the temporary excitement of stimulants, or setting a dangerous example by taking what his countrymen considered injurious—to set the case as it stands to-day—neither let him see these things in us. Against these temptations and all others let us arm ourselves with the weapons of Light. Kindliness (verse 10) and spirituality (verse 14) are our best protection against 'The flesh and the lusts thereof.' Love keeps us busy doing things for other people so that we have no time for folly or wickedness, and little inclination to quarrel. Prayerfulness relieves the monotony of life better than stimulants (Eph. v., 18) and gives us strength in times of trouble.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., June 22.—Topic—Practical humility. Matt. xxiii., 1-11; Isa. lvii., 15.

Junior C. E. Topic.

LESSONS FROM THE MANNA.

Mon., June 16.—Don't complain. Ex. xvi., 2, 3.

Tues., June 17.—Trust God day by day. Ex. xvi., 4.

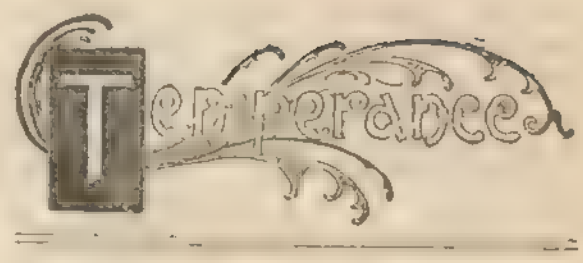
Wed., June 18.—Keep the Sabbath. Ex. xvi., 23-30.

Thu., June 19.—Our part in God's gifts. Ex. xvi., 5, 16.

Fri., June 20.—Obey God. Ex. xvi., 13, 20.

Sat., June 21.—Remember your blessings. Ex. xvi., 32-34.

Sun., June 22.—Topic—Old Testament miracles. I. Lessons from the manna. Ex. xvi., 2-4, 14, 15.



British Army Temperance Association.

Lord Curzon, the representative of King Edward, in India, at a recent meeting in Simla, where he presided, delivered an address showing how clearly he sees the necessity of total abstinence in order to ensure the sobriety of the army in India. 'I conceive,' said he, 'that there is no one, except, perhaps the Commander-in-Chief, who has a greater right to be interested in the reputation and honor of the army—and believe me, its reputation is bound up in its sobriety—than the head of the government.'

As to the attitude of officers to this subject he says: 'Let not any officer, commissioned or non-commissioned, or any reverend army chplain imagine for one moment that, as a non-abstainer, he will be more likely to succeed in persuading Tommy Atkins to sign the pledge than he would be as an abstainer. We believe it to be a principle with the army that in every advance the officer must lead. That is so as regards the temperance army, and we insist upon it at every opportunity.'

In closing, Lord Curzon uttered these significant words: 'Both at home and on the continent nothing surprises, and, I may say, disgusts me more than the tone of cynicism and indifference that is sometimes adopted on the subject. If ever again I were to hold any position in public life in England, temperance would certainly not be a matter that would occupy a backward place in my programme.'—'Temperance Advocate.'

Had the Tobacco Habit.

'You have,' said a physician, 'the tobacco heart.' The patient made answer, 'Doctor, I have never smoked but once, and that was when I was a boy.' This happened in Germantown on Sunday night. Both men laughed, and the physician prepared to examine the patient again, so as to make another diagnosis. After half an hour of hard work the tobacco heart seemed to resemble the man's disease, and the physician said, 'What do you do for a living?' The man replied, 'I am a tobacconist.' 'Well, then, of course you've got the tobacco heart, whether you're a smoker or not,' said the physician. 'All day long you breathe in tobacco. The dust of it fills your lungs, circulates with your blood all over your body, and is digested with your food. I have had a number of cases such as yours, and I prescribe eight hours a day in the fresh air. You'll find it hard to follow this prescription. Away from the tobacco-laden air of your shop you will have the uneasy, restless longing to get back to it which the smoker after a few hours of abstinence has for a cigar. That is strange, but you'll find it true. You have unconsciously acquired the tobacco-breathing habit, and it's a habit harder, I believe, to break than the smoking habit itself.'—'Philadelphia Record.'

Burnt Out.

A street-car blockade was caused the other day because one of the cars was 'burned out.' It looked as fit to run as any of the others; the paint was not scorched, nor the windows broken, but the fuse in the motor was burned out. Many a man walks the street dressed as respectably, and making as fair an outward appearance as any, who is 'burnt-out' inside by alcohol. A photograph of the lining of his stomach would show hideous ulcers. His nerves are burnt to ashes. His manhood is a cinder. His moral nature, his self-respect, his sense of duty and honor are incinerated remains of his former self. He is blocking the way of soberer, sounder, keener-witted men in his profession or business, or in public life. He is a millstone tied around the neck of his family. Most people that are afraid of lightning don't stop to reflect that alcohol strikes harder and in more places at once than lightning, and sets more fires.

Testing the Rocket.

(Emily Dibdin, in 'Child's Companion.')

'Bessie! Paul!' called Mrs Garbett, as she came to the door and shaded her eyes from the lowering sun; 'supper's ready. Where's father?'

'He was here just now,' cried Bessie back, as she panted across the yellow sands in answer to the call.

'Where's father, Paul?' repeated Mrs. Garbett, as her eldest son delayed to disentangle the string with which he had been fishing in a rock pool.

'Father's gone to test the rocket,' said Paul, unwillingly, crushing the wet line in his hand, and moving homewards.

'I don't see why father need test that old rocket every day,' said Bessie; 'it always goes quite well. But if it is the least bit stiff father oils it, and makes such a fuss with it.'

'It wouldn't do to have to oil it in the middle of a storm,' said Paul, with superior wisdom.

'I should rather think not,' said Mr. Garbett, coming up and lifting Bessie on to his shoulder. 'Besides, little woman, it is father's duty to see it's all right. That's one of the things I am put here to do, and if I left it alone, and said "No doubt it is all right," I should be neglecting my work.'

Bessie was not convinced, but she contented herself with taking her father's cap, with its gold badge, and putting it on her own curly head, while she adorned his with her straw hat.

It was a glorious evening, almost too brilliant, and before midnight angry clouds were chasing one another across the dark sky, while the waves thundered on the rocks with a sullen roar that boded no good to the sailors afloat.

The little procession moved slowly in the rays of the lowering sun, and all were soon seated round the table at the evening meal.

Bread and butter occupied Bessie's thoughts fully for a time, but when these ceased to be interesting, her mind turned again to the rocket.

'What's the good of the rocket, father?' she said.

'It's to save the ships, silly,' said Paul from the other side of the table.

'Don't call her silly, Paul,' said her father. 'It is silly to pretend we know things when we don't, but not to try to learn when we are ignorant. The use of the rocket is this, Bessie. When a bad storm comes, and a ship is driven on the rocks out there, very likely it is impossible for the life-boat to get to her —at all events for a long time—and then she would be all broken up and her crew lost. Then we send a rocket over to her with a string fastened to its end, and if they can get hold of the line they can drag a rope after it, and with the rope they can get to shore. Do you see now why we must always keep it ready for work? We never know when it will be wanted.'

'I see, father,' said Bessie; 'but it is such a fine night there won't be any wrecks to-night.'

'I hope not, little woman; but we must be always ready.'

Not many days after this, the sun went down in a yellow haze, and though Bessie knew nothing of it, a violent storm raged throughout the night.

Bessie slept soundly in her little bed, and heard nothing of the booming guns and hurrying to and fro, but when she came down in the morning she found the village street half full of strange, bearded men, who had come ashore in the night saved by father's rocket.

Thank You.

There are a good many people who are careful to say, 'Thank you,' when somebody passes them the bread at dinner or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindnesses without saying a word.

'Where are my rubbers?' cries Jack, as he is about to start to school some rainy morning. 'Oh, dear! I wish folks would let my rubbers alone!'

'Here they are, Jack,' mamma says, quickly, as the sound of his impatient voice comes to her ears. 'I set them beside the register to have them get nice and warm.' And

perhaps Jack says, 'Oh,' and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says 'Thank you.' We fear his mother is used to it, however. Most mothers are.

How many boys and girls think of saying, 'Thank you,' for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or for her care for them when they are sick, or for any of the little sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons, mother gives it as a matter of course, and they usually forget that it is anything for which to thank her. They take it for granted that whatever they want mother will give them, if she possibly can. And so she will, but her willingness and her love and her unselfishness are no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.

Start this very day to say 'Thank you,' whenever mother does you a kindness. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn how many chances there are in a day to use those two little words. And you will be even more surprised to see how much it means to mother that you do not forget them.—'Happy Hours.'

A Mystery.

A-sailing and a-sailing,
  A-sailing far away,
This morn I saw my father's boat
  Go sailing down the bay.

He said, 'My little Gretchen,
  I'll fetch a gift for you;
It does not weigh a single hair,
  And not a soul can view.

'It is not caught with net or line,
  And yet it is to me
Worth all the store of shining fish
  That travel through the sea.'

Now supper-time is bringing
  The hour that I love best;
When all the boats come sailing home
  And father's with the rest.

I think I've guessed the secret,
  Perhaps it's only this:
The treasure father holds so dear
  Is nothing but a kiss.

—American Paper.

Praying in the Morning.

(Cousin Lois, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Someone told me once of a child that she was in the habit of praying at night because she wanted God to take care of her then, but who said to one of her playmates she did not say her prayers in the morning because she thought she could keep herself good all day. Was ever a little girl able to do that? And which should we most desire, to be kept from sin, or to be kept from danger?

Certainly we are all helpless when we are unconscious. Either sleeping or waking we are exposed to a thousand dangers from which God only can deliver us. When a child awakens after a night's rest, what is more fitting than for him to utter the nursery prayer:

Now I wake and see the light,
'Tis God who kept me through the night;
To Him I lift my voice and pray
That he would keep me through the day.

There is another little prayer that says:

Let me both diligently work
  And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
  Just for to-day.

That is a beautiful prayer for any one to offer. We cannot expect to do right, even for an hour, unless the Lord helps us.

Miss Elizabeth Tobey, the Evangelist, tells this story. She was holding a meeting for children some years ago and asked all those who would give themselves to Christ to stand up. Three children from one family arose, a boy and his two sisters. 'Now,' said Miss Tobey, 'if you are going to serve Christ you must pray every morning that the Lord will help you you, for you cannot do it alone.'

The boy went home and asked his mother to teach him how to pray in the morning. The mother had perhaps been so busy that she had neglected to show her children the need for morning prayer. Yet she was glad to help her son when he made his request, and from that time on he prayed in the morning. The boy, although bright in some respects, was a dull scholar, but to the surprise of his friends he suddenly began to improve, and gained considerable praise for doing well in school.

'There's a little secret about that, mother,' said he. 'I ask Jesus every morning to help me with my lessons —and he does.'

Recently Miss Tobey visited the town where the boy, now grown to be a lad of fifteen, is living. She was told that his scholarship was so good that he stood at the head of a class of fifty. His Bible, worn by faithful study and carefully marked was shown to her, and she knew that when he began to pray for God's blessing upon his work he began to study diligently the Word of God. David said: 'Evening and morning and at noon will I pray, and cry aloud; and he shall hear my voice.' It is not enough simply to say a prayer at night.

The Prospering of This or That.

(By Elizabeth Preston Allan, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The wind blew gustily down the long main street of Hemsley village, flapping the signs that hung above store doors, overturning empty goods boxes piled up on the uneven pavement and raising clouds of dust from the unswept streets. The wind had the day pretty much to itself, and the few who were stumbling hither and thither against the gusts, evidently wished themselves under shelter.

Yet on that very day, disagreeable as it was, Miss Dora Guest went traipsing about for hours from house to house. Not that Miss Dora had any need to be abroad in the fierce gale; she belonged to the lap of prosperity; was, in fact, a rich girl spending a few months in Hemsley, for reasons which do not enter into this story.

But Miss Dora Guest was ever a busybody in other people's matters, in a way not condemned by apostle or prophet, and to-day she was bringing to a triumphant conclusion a scheme for—

But let's follow her into this house on the corner, a house of pleasant aspect, set in a wide yard of now leafless trees. An old-fashioned knob (this was not yesterday, dear reader), pulled at a long wire, and faintly tinkled a bell in the distance. The maid who answered the bell was furtively wiping her hands on an apron redolent with kitchen odors.

'Mis' Dennis? Ya'as, marm, Miss Sally heah. Walk in de settin' room, please, marm; I gwine tell Miss Sally.'

Mrs. Dennis came down with cordial promptness to see her visitor, an indefinite number of little boys and girls preceding, accompanying and following her.

'Good news, Mrs. Dennis!' cried Miss Dora Guest; 'I have twelve ladies promised. Now let's talk of ways and means.'

If you are not too much disturbed, reader, by the clattering in and out of small Dennises, you will find that this city girl had, with praiseworthy skill and energy, gotten up a book club in Hemsley village, where a book club had never been known, and where many an active mind went hungry in such a mental famine.

As a postscript to this glimpse of Mrs. Dennis's interior, let me show you a note from Hemsley, dated a few months later, addressed to Miss Guest's city home. (Miss Dora has this epistle yet, though the paper is time-stained and the ink faded. Did I not say that this story was a bit of ancient history?)

'Dear Miss Dora: You would have been proud of yourself and of us if you had been present at the first meeting of our club. All twelve ladies came. Six others want to join! We were wise and witty; but please come back and see for yourself. Indeed, when I tell you that without a dissenting vote we chose to name ourselves "The Dora Guest Book Club," you can easily see that you will have to come back to stand sponser to this thriving infant! This is perhaps not a very official way for the proud secretary of the D. G. B. C. to make this announcement, but how in the name of sense could you expect anything more formal from

Your attached friend,
Sally F. Dennis.'

In Miss Guest's little inlaid desk this note lies bound by a silk thread to a few others marked, 'Things I have done—D. G.' But only a few weeks ago Miss Guest untied this little packet, took out Mrs. Dennis's dim writing and held it poised above her open grate.

'No,' she said to herself, withdrawing her hand, 'I will not burn it. After all, I hope that effort amounted to something. But what blind spinners we are!'

Before putting Mrs. Dennis's old note away again, Miss Dora wrote across the page, in black lines, which startlingly contrasted with the faded ink, 'Thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that.'

'There!' she said, thrusting the package back into the little desk; 'Solomon is always up to date!'

This relic of thirty years back had been put in peril by a recent visit of Miss Guest to Hemsley village; her first visit since the month she spent there in the latter sixties when she had so successfully launched a book club.

There were not many people in the village who remembered Miss Guest. (Hemsley had been through a boom, a bank failure and a big fire!) Those who knew her by name remembered a girlish figure, laughing eyes and a gay and charming alertness; they were dumb with surprise before this stout, oldish person, spectacled, sallow and white-headed. Had they changed as much as this, they asked themselves. They had, of course, but, fortunately, did not know it.

And the 'Dora Guest Book Club?' Even Mrs. Dennis, a grandmother now, and a quiet invalid, had forgotten the book club. With some effort she recalled the story of its existence. Oh, yes, it had been a pleasant thing, she remembered, while it lasted; but those enterprises soon die out, she said, resignedly.

Had Miss Guest's stay in Hemsley vanished then, like the morning cloud, leaving no abiding influence? Far from it! There was one who remembered Miss Guest in Hemsley; one who had cherished her in loving thought all these years, and who now came to take her hand in a warm clasp.

'You do not know me, Miss Guest?' She certainly did not.

'Thirty years ago,' said this busy, earnest, efficient pastor, 'you taught a class in our Sunday-school for an absent teacher; the lesson was on "The Good Shepherd," and one of your listeners never forgot the impression you made upon him of the love that seeks and saves. He wandered from God, fell into sin, suffered sin's bitter consequences and was most unhappy. But when he turned back it was the thought of the Good Shepherd that drew him to the Lord Jesus Christ! I was that little boy. God bless you, Miss Guest!'

'The Book Club was all very well,' said gray-haired Miss Dora, locking her desk lid on the mementoes of the past; 'the more book clubs the better; but there is no definite promise about "book clubs." While a single truth from God's word planted in the heart of a child cannot fail nor perish nor be cast away. Cannot! It is bound to "prosper in the thing whereto he sent it." Hereafter—as much hereafter as I have left on earth—I shall know what to count on.'

Alcohol hastens the decay of the living, but retards the decomposition of the dead.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

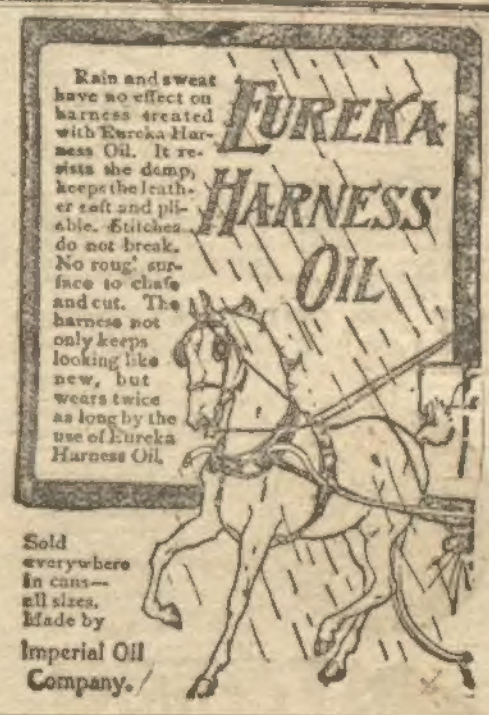
Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.


Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.
EUREKA HARNESS OIL
Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by Imperial Oil Company.

Bicycles Below Cost

5000 Bicycles, overstock. For 30 days only we will sacrifice at less than actual factory cost **New 1902 Models.**

"Bellino," complete $8.75
"Cossack," Guaranteed High Grade $9.75
"Siberian," a Beauty $10.75
"Meudorf," Head Racer, $11.75
as finer bicycle at any price.

Choice of M. & W. or Record tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. *Strongest guarantee.*

We SHIP ON APPROVAL C.O.D. to anyone *without a cent deposit* & allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL before purchase is binding.

600 good 2nd-hand wheels $3 to $8.

Do not buy a bicycle until you have written for our free catalogues with large photographic engravings and full descriptions.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 350M Chicago.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

FREE LADY'S WATCH!

With silvered case, stem wind and set, decorated dial, gold hands and reliable movement, given for selling only 2 doz. packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 glasses **($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it.** Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money, and we send this pretty and accurate Watch, postpaid. Home Supply Co., Box 481 Toronto.

44-PIECE TEA SET

FREE 44-Piece China Tea Set 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl.

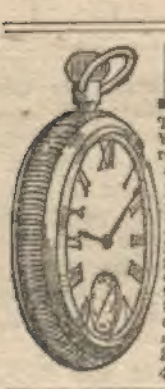
Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. **A Regular $5.00 Set. Given** for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. Heart shaped Rings, handsomely gold finished, elegantly designed, set with one large brilliant imitation Sapphire and 12 Snow white Pearls. They look like $50.00 Rings and would be a great bargain at 50c. At our clearing price 15c. **they go like wildfire.** Write and we send Rings. Sell them, return the money and we ship this **magnificent 44-piece tea Set. THE BEST CO., BOX 436 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE **FREE BICYCLE** **FREE**

Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle **when you can get one good as new for nothing.** We are **giving them away absolutely free** for selling at 15c. each only 6 doz. stylish Gold Topped Hat Pins, beautifully designed and set with handsome sparkling Imitation Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies, etc. They go like wildfire. ALBERT GOLDCROSS, BRANDON, MAN., says: "The Hat Pins sell like hot cakes." **Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength and beauty. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal now at less than $50 00.** They have seamless steel tube enamelled frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles, neat handle bars and genuine faultless ball bearings throughout. **Every wheel we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is a chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will show it to all your friends and tell them how you got it. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 471 TORONTO, ONT.**

EARN THIS CHINA BERRY SET

13 Pieces. Bowl decorated with roses and leaves in natural colors, gold trimmings. A most beautiful set. **Given absolutely free** for selling only 2 doz. packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. Each package makes **20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it.** Write for powders. Sell them, return the money and we will send you this **magnificent Berry Set. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 484 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

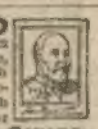


FREE

This handsome silver nickel Watch, with fancy edge and reliable movement, given for selling only 1½ doz. packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. Each package makes **20 Glasses ($1.00 worth)** of a **delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful Summer Drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants, and so cheap that everybody buys it.** Write for Powders to-day. Sell them, return the money, and we will send your handsome Watch, postpaid. **THE HOME SUPPLY COMPANY, BOX 479 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

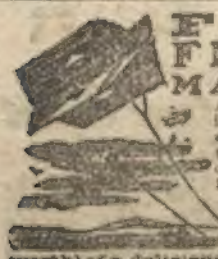
We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR-BLADED KNIFE for selling 6 packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. Each package makes **20 Glasses ($1.00 worth)** of a **delicious, cool refreshing, healthful Summer Drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it.** Write for Powders, sell them, return the money, and receive this fine knife, postpaid. **The Home Supply Co., Box 448 Toronto.**

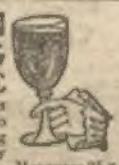
FREE GOLD CASED



Watch, elegantly engraved in solid gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $50.00. We give it for selling only 3 doz. **Coronation Souvenirs**, at 10c. each, beautiful cabinet photographs of His Majesty, King Edward VII. from a recent likeness taken by the greatest English photographer. Everybody wants a picture of the King. **Our photos go like hot cakes.** Write for Photos. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. The Home Art Co., Box **439**, Toronto.

FREE FLYING MACHINE





At last—a marvellous invention. Can be sent soaring among the clouds. Any boy or girl can operate it. Measures 25 x 16 x 16 inches. Given free for selling only 1 doz. packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. Each package makes **20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it.** Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money and receive this wonderful Flying Machine. **Home Supply Co., Box 483 Toronto.**

FREE GOLD CASED

Watch elegantly engraved in solid gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $50.00. We give it for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. Heart Finger Rings, handsomely gold finished, elegantly designed, set with one large brilliant imitation Sapphire and 13 Snow white Pearls. They look like $50.00 Rings and would be a great bargain at 50c. At our clearing price 15c. **they go like wildfire.** Write for Rings. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. **BEST CO., Box 429 Toronto.**

EARN THIS WATCH

PRESERVE LABELS

Silver nickel case, fancy edge, reliable movement, fully guaranteed, by selling at 10c. each only 1½ doz. packages of gummed printed labels for sticking to preserves, catsup, pickle jars, etc. Each package contains names of every fruit and vegetable grown in this country, and a large number of labels of each kind. The demand for these labels is wonderful. Every house in Canada needs them. They go like hot-cakes. Write for Labels. Sell them, return $1.80, and receive this handsome Watch postpaid. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., BOX 479 TORONTO, ONT.**

We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR-BLADED KNIFE for selling at 15c. only 6 Heart Finger Rings, handsomely Gold finished, elegantly designed, set with one large brilliant imitation Sapphire and 13 Snow White Pearls. They look like $50.00 Rings, and would be a great bargain at 50c. At our clearing price, 15c., **they go like wildfire.** Write for Rings, sell them, return 60c. and receive this fine knife postpaid. **THE BEST CO., Box 448 TORONTO**

FREE

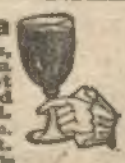
This handsome silver nickel Watch, with fancy edge and reliable movement, given for selling, at 15c. each, only one doz. Heart Finger Rings, handsomely Gold finished, elegantly designed, set with one large brilliant imitation Sapphire and 13 Snow White Pearls. They look like $50.00 Rings, and would be a great bargain at 50c. At our clearing price, 15c., **they go like wildfire.** Write for Rings to-day. Sell them, return the money, and we will send your handsome Watch, postpaid. **THE BEST CO., BOX 479 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE BICYCLE

Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle **when you can get one good as new for nothing.** We are **giving them away absolutely free** for selling only 9 doz. packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. Each package makes **20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength and beauty. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal new at less than $50.00.** They have seamless steel tube enamel frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles, neat handle-bars and genuine fauitless ball bearings throughout. **Every wheel we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is a chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it.** Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will show it to all your friends and tell them how you got it. **HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 471 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE 44-Piece China Tea Set

44-PIECE TEA SET

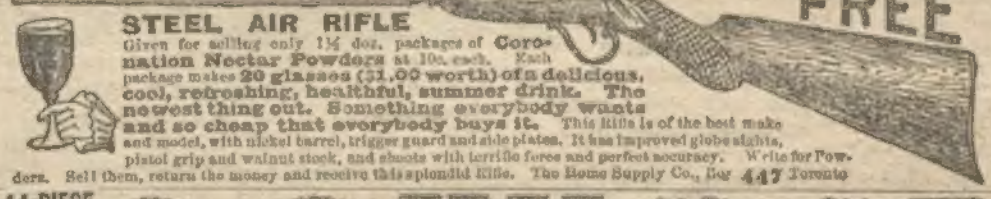


—12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. **A Regular $5.00 Set.** Given for selling only 3 doz. packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. **Each package makes 20 Glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, Summer Drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants, and so cheap that everybody buys it.** Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money and we ship this **magnificent 44-piece Tea Set. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 456 TORONTO.**

RIBBON BARGAINS

Having recently secured an immense stock of Ribbons from a manufacturer in London, England, we are now offering the lady readers of this paper **Astonishing bargains** in choice rich Remnants, all from **one to three yards long** and up to **3 inches wide.** Great quality, Crown edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot edge, Satin edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottomans, and various other plain and fancy styles in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths suitable for Bonnet Strings, neckwear, trimmings for Hats and dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc., all first class. **Their cheapness will astonish you. We guarantee satisfaction. Mrs. Walter Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "Your box of ribbons received, and I must say I am well pleased with them. I consider them the cheapest bargain I ever got." **Don't miss this chance.** Carefully packed in boxes and sent postpaid, 25c. a box, or 3 boxes for 90c. **Mail Order Supply Co., Box 461 Toronto.**

FREE STEEL AIR RIFLE



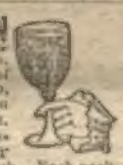
Given for selling only 1¾ doz. packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. Each package makes **20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it.** This Rifle is of the best make and model, with nickel barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money and receive this splendid Rifle. The Home Supply Co., Box **447** Toronto

FREE 44-Piece China Tea Set

44-PIECE TEA SET

—12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. **A Regular $5.00 Set.** Given for selling only 3 doz. **Coronation Souvenirs** at 10c. each, beautiful cabinet photographs of His Majesty, King Edward VII. from a recent likeness taken by the greatest English photographer. Everybody wants a picture of the King. **Our photos go like hot cakes.** Write for Photos. Sell them, return the money and we ship this **magnificent 44-piece Tea Set. THE HOME ART CO., BOX 456 TORONTO.**

MAGIC LANTERN

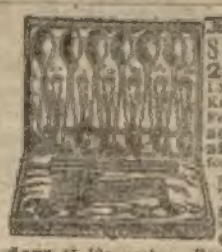


With powerful adjustable lenses, showing dozens of comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc., given for selling only 1 doz. packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. Each package makes **20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it.** Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. **THE HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 419 TORONTO.**

FREE GOLD CASED

Watch, elegantly engraved in solid gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $50.00. We give it for selling only 3 doz. packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. Each package makes **20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it.** Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. Home Supply Co., Box **429** Toronto.

FREE SILVERWARE 26 PIECES

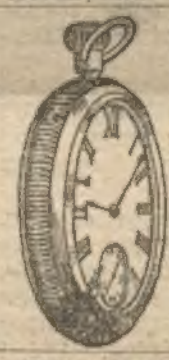


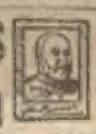
1 Sugar Shell, 1 Butter Knife, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Forks, 6 Tablespoons, **solid Alaska silver,** guaranteed for 20 years, richly engraved handles, also 6 silver-plated Knives. **The entire 26 pieces given absolutely free** for selling only 2½ doz. packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. Each package makes **20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders.** Sell them, return $3.00 and receive this splendid Set, free. **HOME SUPPLY CO., Box 482 Toronto**

FREE

SOLID SILVER Lady's or Gent's Watch, real Solid Silver case, elegantly engraved, stem wind and set, open face, ornamented dial gold bands and reliable jewelled movement, given for selling only 2½ doz. packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. Each package makes **20 glasses ($1.00 worth), of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants, and so cheap that everybody buys it.** Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money, and receive this **Solid Silver Watch** postpaid. Home Supply Co., Box **480** Toronto.

EARN THIS Watch





Silver nickel case, fancy edge, reliable movement, fully guaranteed, by selling at 10c. each only 1½ doz. **Coronation Souvenirs,** beautiful Cabinet Photographs of His Majesty King Edward VII. from a recent likeness taken by the greatest English photographer. Everybody wants a picture of the King. **Our Photos go like hot cakes.** Write for Photos. Sell them, return $1.80, and receive this handsome Watch postpaid. **THE HOME ART CO., BOX 479 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

$100 PRIZE CONTEST

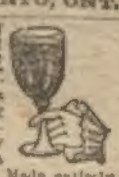
Can You Count the Dots in the Circle?

We will pay $100 in cash to those sending us the correct answer. Send No Money. This is a **FREE CONTEST.** There is only one condition that will take less than an hour of your time, which we will explain as soon as we hear from you. Count the dots carefully and send in your answer at once. It costs nothing to try this, and you will find it very interesting. Address **THE PRIZE CO., BOX 474 TORONTO.**

FREE

8 BEAUTIFUL OPALS that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a finely engraved Gold Ring, given for selling only 10 packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. Each package makes **20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it.** Write for Powders. Sell them, return $1.00 and receive this beautiful Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 469 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE AUTOMOBILE



A wonderful invention, an exact model of a big Electric Carriage. Runs by clockwork for a long distance. Made entirely of metal, beautifully painted and ornamented, given for selling only 6 packages of **Coronation Nectar Powders** at 10c. each. Each package makes **20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it.** Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money, and we send your Horseless Carriage, all charges paid. **Remember, it runs itself. Home Supply Co., Box 485 Toronto.**

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'